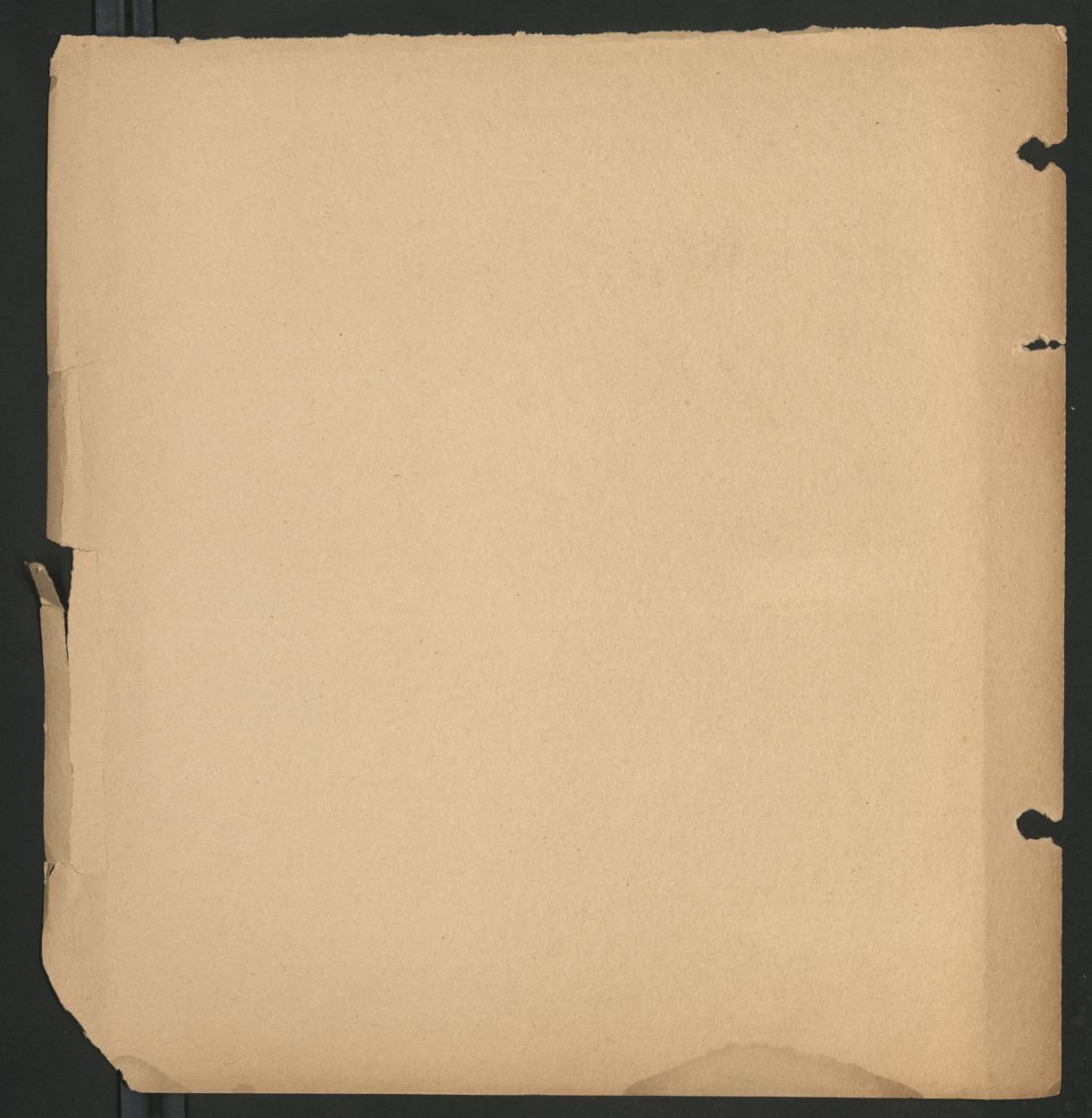
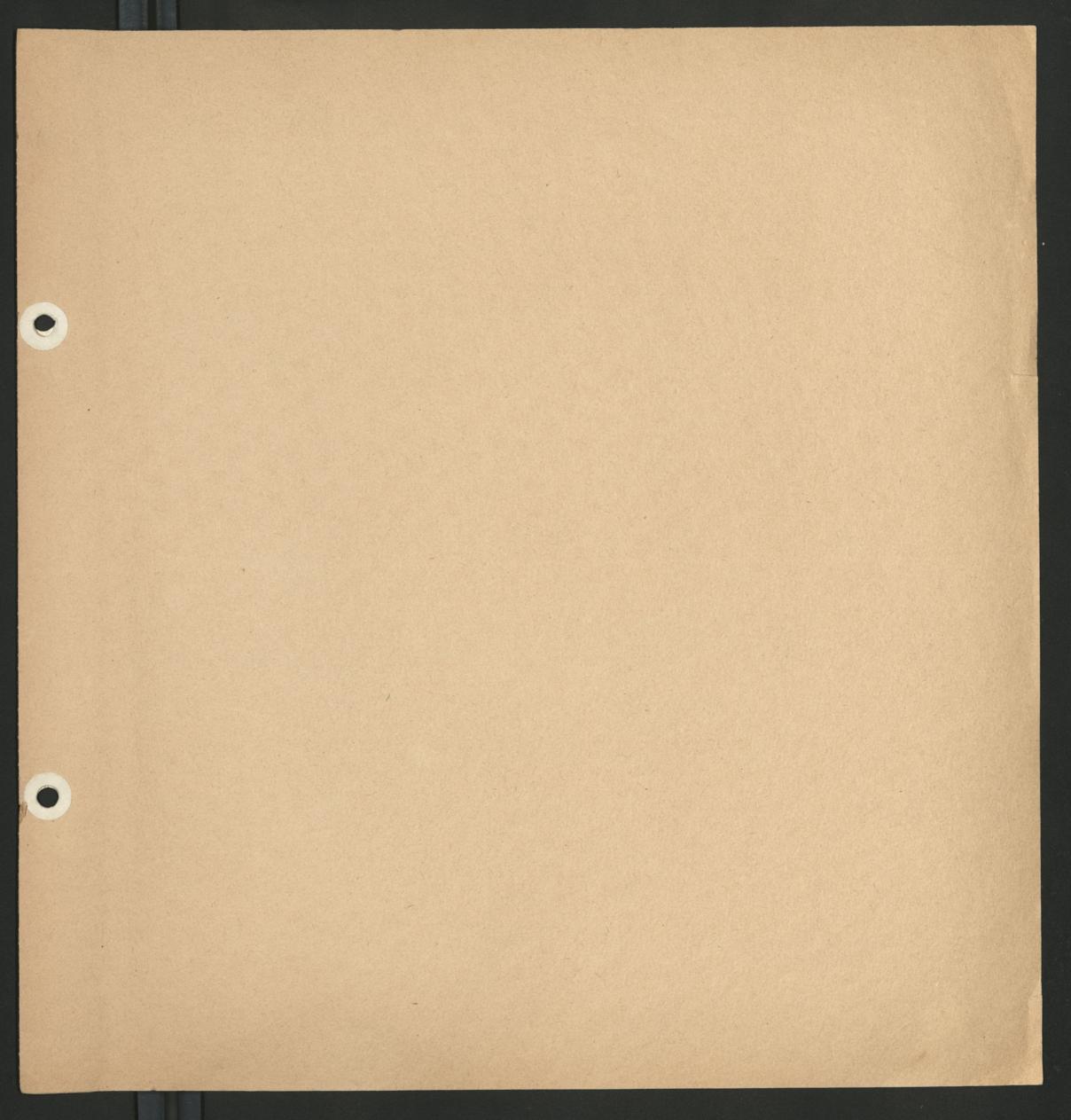


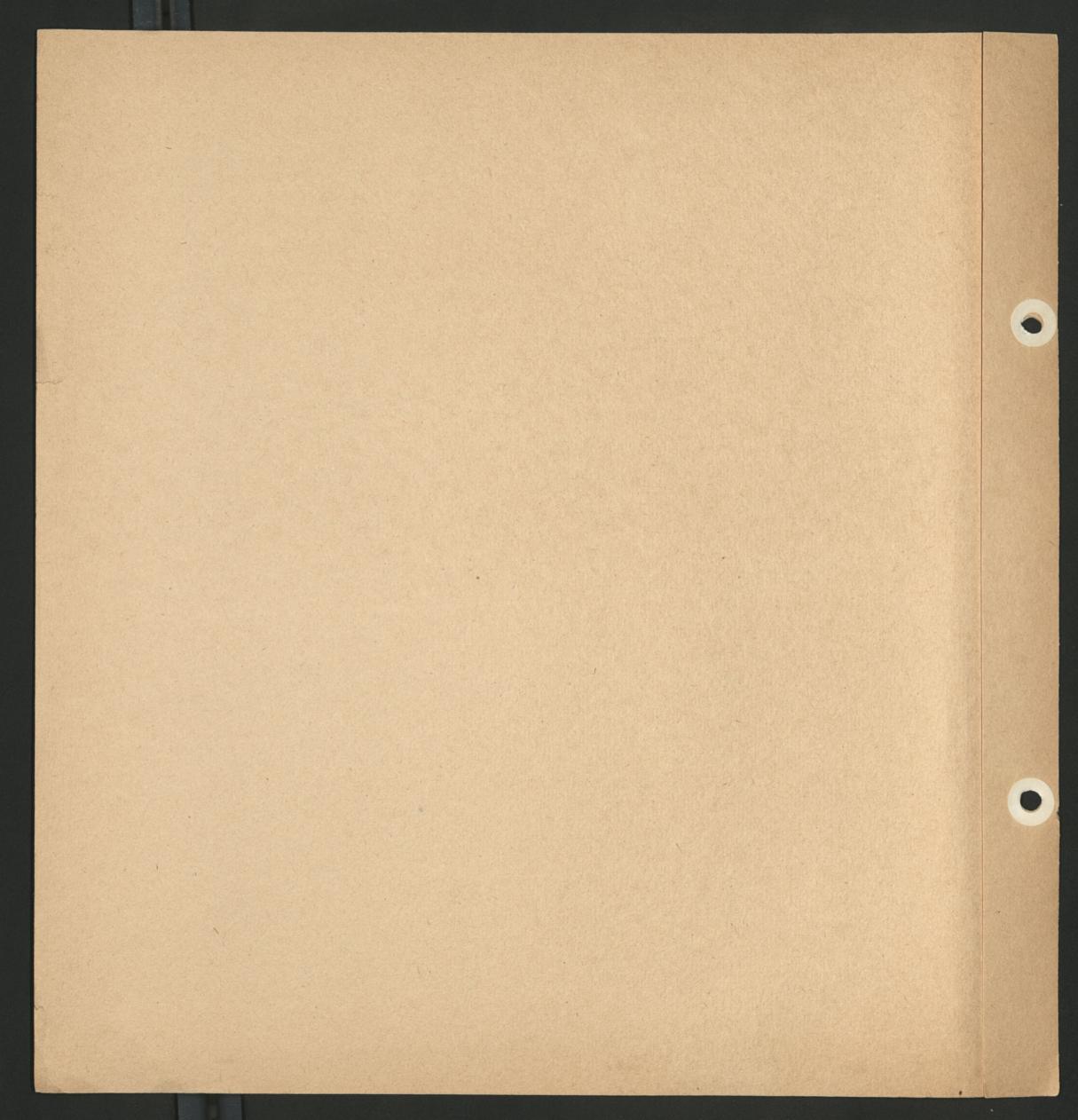
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"Jethro Coffin House - Nantucket, Mass." George Cottin House - " #33 Milk St. photos . Family items, photos and friends * Family Souveniers etc.
William Tripp (friend) - and "Charles W. Mongan Ship's Last Voyage rich Arthur Hinton Gardner whom Mary Macy (Brown) Gardner Grace Brown Gardner * # 33 Milk St - Adds for sale of property - 1973 # 2. Copper hane " " " " - 9hg photos "Dr. Will" Gardnen - friend Nontucket "folk" Nantucket Historical Association - notes Cisco Sciasconset (Sconset) "Wharf-nat Club Nantucket Sons and Daughters Views Flowers Binds Nantucket Events - Old and Newer Nantucket - Total Eclipse







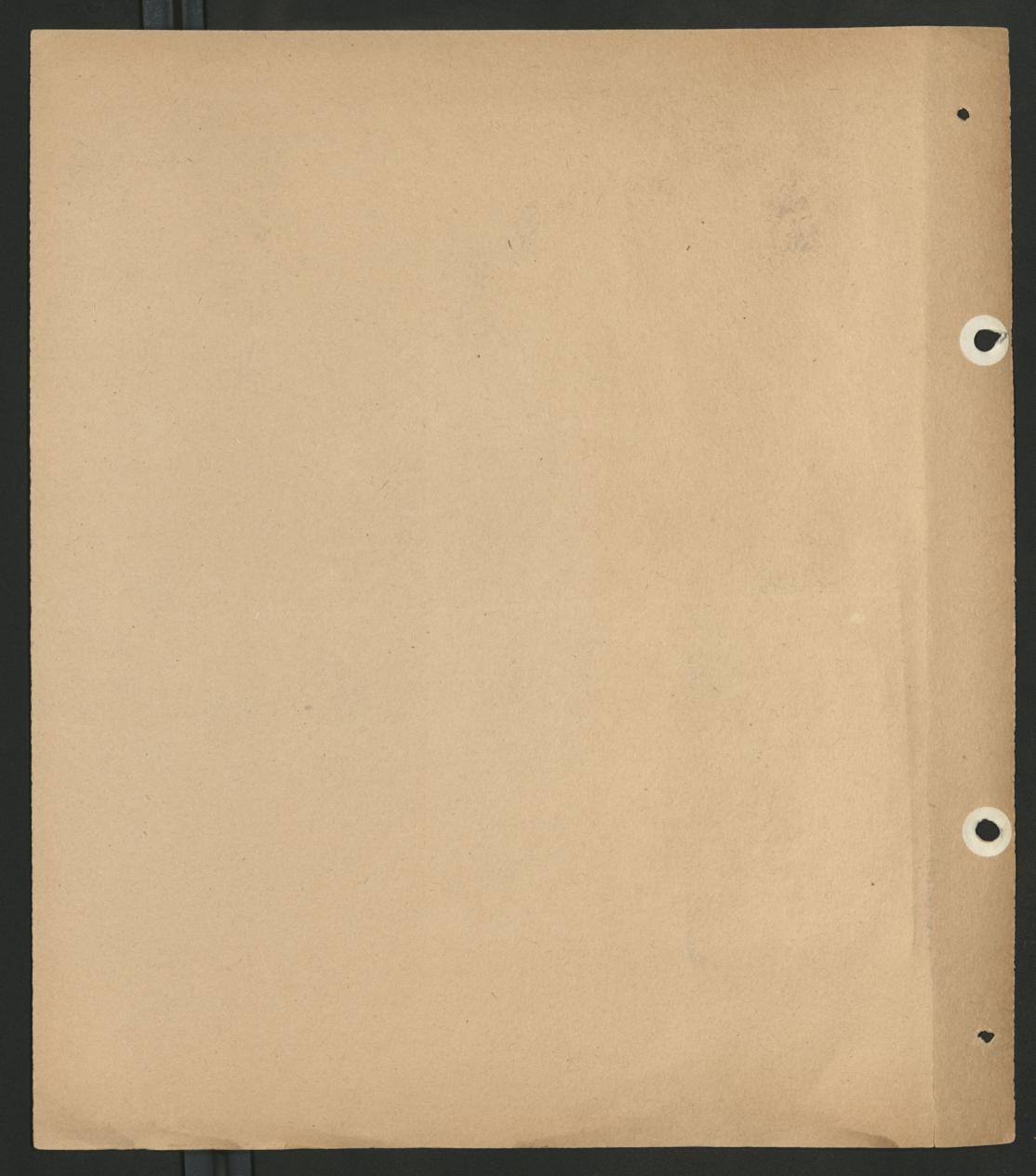
Coffin Family - England





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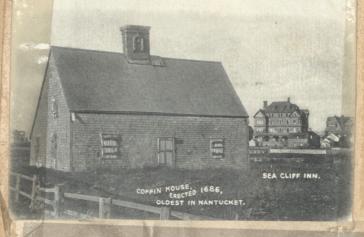


The house has an interesting and a varied history. Jethro and Mary Coffin, the original owners, lived in it 20 years, rearing eight children. In 1708, it was purchased by Nathaniel Paddock and remained in the Paddock family or over a century-until 1840, when it was sold to George Turner. Tristram Coffin, of Poughkeepsie, who purchased it in 1881, repaired it in 1886, and in 1897 it was first opened to the public with Miss Ellen Clisbie Bartlett in charge, Mrs. Anna Starbuck Jenks became custodian in 1899, continuing until 1923. In that year, the Nantucket Historical Association became the owner, and Miss Sarah L. Macy became its custodian in 1925, serving until her death in 1934. Through the generosity of Winthrop Coffin, of Boston, the house was restored in 1927-28, with the late Alfred Shurrocks and the late William Sumner Appleton as architects. The view above shows the dismantling necessary in strengthening the big chimney. 1881. It was repaired and maintained as an historical exhibit from 1897



WHEN THE OLDEST HOUSE WAS LAST A FAMILY HOME-1866,

The last family to occupy the old house was that of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. F. Turner, whose heirs sold it to the Tristram Coffins of Poughkeepsie in to the present time. A complete restoration was accomplished in 1928. It was here that Mrs. Worron wrote "Trustum and His Grandchildren."







Nantucket's Oldest House, a salt box, was built in 1686. It remained under private ownership until 1923, when its present owners, the Nantucket Historical Association, purchased it, and restored and preserved it.



"Mortgage Buttons."

Jane and Burt McConnell, who spend their summers in Nantucket, recently became interested in the old Island custom of placing an ivory button on the newel post of the main stairway of a house that is no longer burdened with a mortgage. This "mortgage button" may be the size of a nickel or even a quarter; the Hinchman house displays one that is even larger.

Capt. McConnell searched among his souvenirs and came up with a whale's tooth which Sir Hubert Wilkins brought him from the Antarctic twenty years ago. He sawed off a slab of dentine a quarter of an inch thick, shaped it into a button, and set it into their newel post, flush with the top. He then turned the tooth over to the Hospital Thrift Shop, which is selling slabs of authentic Antarctic ivory, large enough for mortgage buttons, for a dollar apiece-while they last!



NATIONAL HISTORIC SHRINE - This is the Jethro Coffin House on Nantucket, built in 1686 and designated last month by interior Secretary Stewart L. Udall as a national

-Standard-Times Staff Photo by Stuart B. Day historic shrine. A bronze plaque will be installed on the lean-to style building, oldest

By ARTHUR J. QUINN Standard-Times Staff Writer

NANTUCKET — Officers of "Don't describe the house as a the Nantucket Historical Association are awaiting official U.S. documents they must sign best of the Nantucket Historical Association are awaiting official U.S. Stackpoof, speaking of the important of the Nantucket Historical Association and the Nantucket Historical As

that will be placed on the building during appropriate exercises by the Nantucket Historical Association, probably early next

Edouard A. Stackpole, a recognized island historian and an officer of the Nantucket Historical Association, explained today that the documents, to be sent from Washington, certify that the association guarantees to preserve the Jethro Coffin homestead as a historic shrine and that it will be kept in good con-

Selected by Experts

Stackpole explained the oldest house was selected for official recognition as a national historic shrine by a team of investi-gators, all experts on historical sites and buildings, sent to tour the New England area by Secretary Udall last summer. The team viewed several island buildings that have been under the control of the Nantucket Historical Association for sever-

al years.
Stackpole's knowledge of the Jethro Coffin homestead is so thorough he was able to recite the entire history of the build-ing from the time it was built in 1686 during an interview this The Paddocks were one of the

In beginning his recitation of the historic background of the building, Stackpole cautioned,

house on Nantucket.

When, in 1686, Jethro Coffin took Mary Gardner, 16, for his teen-age bride, according to Stackpole, the parents of the two matrimonial principals were not on exactly the best of terms. The marriage, however, brought about an amicable settlement of the house and thus insured the preservation of this historic site."

Clippings of newspapers in the control of the house and thus insured the preservation of this historic site." not on exactly the best of terms. The marriage, however, brought about an amicable settlement of their differences and the parents of both, as Stackpole tells it, which is a stackpole tells it, and the interval of the inte polled their resources, making it possible for the young couple to have Gardner land, and Coffin supplied building material stalled by Jethro to observe any stalled

tion. Given the land on the south who might have been under the side of Sunset Hill, he built the house with the sweat of his brow, starting with the construction of the huge brick chimney, wing bricks that had been care. using bricks that had been car- make an unwelcome call on the ried from England as ballast in the sailing ships of the era.
"During the next two decades"
The r

the home was maintained by occasion an intoxicated Indian Jethro and Mary and it was there all of their eight children were born and raised. Early in the 18th Century the house was sold to a family named Paddock.

The Paddecks were one of the closet of the closet in the second floor. The closet has since been described as the "Indian Closet."

Sold to Turners

fore a bronze plaque, identifying the 282-year-old Jethro Coffin homestead, the oldest house on the island, as a national historic landmark.

The historic site, set on the sloped Sunset Hill, was officially recognized as a national historic shrine by Interior Secretary Stewart L. Udall, late last month. It will be identified as such forever by a bronze plaque that will be placed on the build
Stackpole, speaking of the importance of the house to the island, as a residence. In 1881 Tristram Coffin observed the old homestead was rapidly falling into dispair. He bought the house back into the Coffin family at a time when it was almost on the verge of collapse. Tristram proceeded to restore the homestead to its original appearance and maintained it for public visitation until 1923 when it was taken over by the Nantucket Historical Association to be retained as a historic site.

into house.

This protective window was "Jethro must have been a young man possessed of great fortitude and with lots of ambi-invasion of the house by Indians

Falls Through Floor

The records show that on one a closet on the second floor. The closet has since been described as the "Indian Closet."

Oldest Nantucket House to Be National Shrine

mense fireplaces, in the living room, the kitchen and the keep-ing room. Logs 7 feet long can be burned in the fireplaces. At the rear of the living room is what is called the "borning" room, where the children of the Coffin couple were born. The original type of cradle in which the children were rocked to sleep still is to be seen.

On the upper floor are two bedrooms, one of which was called the "bridal" chamber. Built of oak timbers like ship knees, the house is held togeth-

er by wooden pegs. When the Jethro Coffin House was taken over by the Nantucket Historical Association there was much work to be done. Poor type supports installed years before had to be replaced with proper and correct stringers and the underflooring and the 20-inch top boards had to be replaced. The uncurtained windows were made to appear as they should, with hand-sewed curtains. All of the walls were repaired or restored, white-washed

Like Cleaning Attic

There was also at the time the task of restoring the house interior to as close to its liv-able appearance as could be. When this task was begun, the job was comparable to the cleaning out of a storehouse or the old family attic, which in the old days was not unlikely to

have three generations of furnishings of departed loved ones.

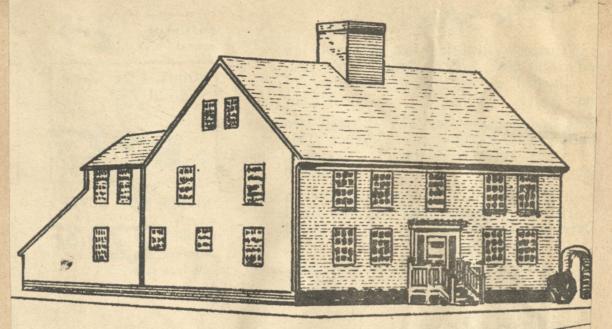
Most of this restoration work was done under the direction of

From now on, it will definiteto launch the young couple on visitors before admitting them their matrimonial voyage.

Like most of the early colonial houses in New England the Horse Shoe House faces due south, its longer lines running east and west by compass. The back or north roof runs down to within about six feet of the ground, forming the "leanto" as it is called. In shape it is a perfect rectangle, with no break in the walls, and the outside dimensions are 39 by 30 feet. Much of the original framing was of oak, though the summer beams were of pine 10 by 10 inches. The girts are 11 by 11 and the oak lintels forming the arch above the fireplaces are 14 by 14.

The chimney is, of course, one of the interesting features of the house, located in the center of the east and west line, and measuring about 8 by 14 at the base, covering over one hundred square feet. It is built of brick laid up to the line of the roof in clay, presumably from a nearby clay-bank. Above the roof a shell-mortar was used. There are fireplaces in each of the two south rooms, one in the kitchen at the back, which had been largely bricked up and was uncovered during the restoration, and one in the west bedroom on the second floor. The largest of the fireplaces, that in the east room, is seven feet wide, five feet high, and three feet deep.

Joshua Coffin House - Corner Center & Gay Sts.



52 CENTRE STREET — WEST SIDE OF CENTRE STREET ON CORNER OF GAY STREET, FORMERLY COFFIN'S COURT.

This house is one of the most characteristic of the early 18th century ship-masters' houses — an example of a simple, central chimney, frame gable with lean-to. It was built about 1756 by Joshua and Beulah (Gardner) Coffin. The present owner is the great-granddaughter of Joshua Coffin, first owner.

The original part of 52 Centre Street was built at Sherburne, the site of the first town, and moved to its present location in 1756, when the adjoining ell and wood shed were added.

Originally, as now, the house was a square two and a half story gable-roofed structure. Previous to the Revolution, a section was taken out of the front of the chimney to allow for a capacious storeroom which Captain Coffin designed as a concealed safe deposit for his valuables in the event of an anticipated British raid on the Island. The secret room has been generally referred to as the "secret chamber" or the "cellar in the attic."

In the southeast corner of the attic is a small room, known as the "attic chamber" and possibly used as a bed-room at one time. The fire-places on both floors remain with seven flues running to the one chimney. The house is built over a very high cellar which is paved with cobble stones. The bedrooms are paneled about the fireplaces distinctly in the manner of a ship's cabin. The stair appears to be the work of a local carpenter using crude tools to create the nevertheless graceful design. The house is equipped with hanging strips which were used extensively in Nantucket homes which did not have much closet space. There was formerly a walk on the roof which was easily reached by a stairway from the attic. On the under side of the stairs to the "walk" are written in chalk the names of those who may have played there as children on rainy days.

Captain Henry F. Coffin, grandson of the first owner, shipped on the whaleship *Ploughboy*, of which his father was part owner, at the age of thirteen for a five year cruise and he bore the mark of this voyage to his dying day — a scar on his leg made by a splinter from the whale-boat in which he was serving which was crushed by the jaws of a whale.



Also called Street of Whaling Captains

The Jared Coffin House

built on Nantucket in 1845 as the home of a wealthy whale oil merchant, is now an intimate inn with 26 guest rooms.

Off Cape Cod lies the last piece of America's 13 colonies - Nantucket Island. Whales and Quakers have made it what it is today.

Relatively unspoiled or altered through the years, it is washed by the booming surf and fanned by healthful, salty breezes. Like a piece of old silver, it gathers tradition and beauty with the passing of time.

Now it is sought out as much by visitors for its strongly nostalgic reminder of how we lived two and three centuries ago, as for its watery isolation from the noise, dust and crowding of the cities.

In the early 1600's one Lord Sterling received a grant to the island from the King of England. Sterling kept the title for some 39 years with no attempt to colonize it, finally disposing of the place to a Thomas Mayhew, a London merchant, and his son.

Mayhew wasn't too impressed either. He sold the barren, sandy island to a group of men for the whopping sum of "30 pounds and two beaver hats; one for me and one for my wife." These early names, by the way, and others, recorded on the original shares in Nantucket, survive to this day and are strongly rooted through the island's history.

Mayhew and his group sent out a call for settlers. The first to call was rugged Tom Macy and his family of six. They had come all the way to Nantucket in a rowboat from Cape Cod, no small risk in those days!

The years of the Revolution? Dismal is the word. Almost two thousand Nantucketers died in ocean waters or left the island. Making matters worse, the whale ships were gobbled up by the British fleet.

But the hardy natives survived and went on. The next 100 years might well be called the "golden century." Whaling and Quakerism took over. Great mammals would flounder in the shallows and dinghies would right away put out. Arrow followed arrow until the whale was brought in. It proved a practical thing; oil for lamps and blubber for the Indians, a delicacy

with the original inhabitants.

The whale industry was launched. And the small island became the whaling center of the world. Warehouses sprang up for storing oil. Sailmakers, carpenters, coopers and ropemakers shops fashioned harpoons and the metalworkin huge demand-for the booming ship and whaling trade.

It naturally followed that costly and beautiful homes were built on Nantucket's quiet with urn-shaped finials. Another is the Ameristreets. Culture and a special pride in the com- can Federal trumeau-type mirror in gilt wood munity rose to a golden high. Typically New England and Quaker in appearance, it soon boxes from the same room are of equal beauty. became ever and more a thriving township unlike a lonely little island.

Nantucket Steamship Co.

did not offer Mrs. Coffin sufficient social scope. tures throughout the house. They moved to Boston.

Bought by the Nantucket Historical Trust in 1961, the wide verandas and Victorian gingerbread which defaced the house was stripped. Only then could one see the classical symmetry of the facades and the finely detailed front and side doors. Interiors, too, were restored with painstaking care to their former dignity under the direction of James Hendrix of William Pahlman Associates.

Since the trust believes as much in improv ing the present as the past, its aim was (and continues now in many projects) to incorporate the Coffin House restoration into its long-term plan of improving economic conditions on the island.

Thus, Nantucket Looms, one of the trust's handicrafts projects, was commissioned to supply nearly 6000 yards of upholstery and drapery fabrics, rugs, embroideries and crocheted bedspreads-handwoven by Nantucket women, under the direction of Andrew Oates of the Rhode Island School of Design. All are authentic copies of weaves, patterns and colors in actual use on the island during its "Golden Age." Whenever possible, furniture was purchased from local antique dealers and was restored and reupholstered by local craftsmen.

The overall interior design program was matched to the classic, Greek Revival exterior, stripped of Victorian accretions-to the stately simplicity of the interiors. Fine, original mantles, paneled shutters and generous window trims with typical 19th-century corner rosettes were preserved in all public and many guest waxed pine board floors.

This wasn't all. To recapture the warmly hospitable, yet sophisticated character of a mid-19th-century Nantucket private residence, rooms were furnished in a mixture of styles ranging from Queen Anne to Chippendale, Hepplewhite, Sheraton, Regency and early

Wealthy whaling captains and merchants which helped to cement the friendly rapport of that time, like latter-date tourists, were inveterate bargain hunters. Well traveled men, they returned from far-flung voyages with Oriental rugs, Toby jugs, French bronzes, porcelain and furniture from England, whale oil chandeliers and rare Chinese pieces. Many of set up shop. Wharves were built and shipsmith these have been carefully duplicated in the refurnished rooms of the Jared Coffin House.

Outstanding pieces? One is an English Regency sideboard in the dining room with lion head and ring pulls and brass gallery topped with classic figure frieze, and the urn knife

One almost expects to talk with Jared Coffin when walking through the main-floor lounge. Once more, all the romance, glamour and It is done in shades of antique yellow, off-white adventure of the great whaling days have come and red-orange and furnished with shield-back alive. In 1963, the restored Jared Coffin House Sheraton chairs and an exceptionally fine bonwas opened to the public. And visitors have net top Queen Anne secretary in red lacquer been welcome the year 'round because it has with mirrored doors. The black marble mantle been turned into an exclusive little inn. Built makes a handsome background for a French in 1845 for wealthy whale-oil merchant Jared Empire bronze d'ore (golden) clock and a pair Coffin, the mansion was turned into a Summer of porcelain urns, also French. Pedestal tables hotel when it later became the property of the are Chippendale in feeling, lamps are antique Chinese porcelain. The adjoining library has a One side note. The house was occupied less Chippendale over-mantle mirror and an anthan a year by the Coffin couple. It was put up tique rug from India, crystal chandeliers were for sale, so the story goes, because Nantucket custom-made as were most of the lighting fix-



The "Embroidery Room," the largest and most elegant guest room in the restored Jared Coffin House, features Nantucket-made crewel work on

imported linen curtains, bedspread and canopy.

It combines a late American chairs, bed and window-hangings of crewel em-Sheraton four-poster bed (posts are turned in broidery by Nantucket Looms and a simple rooms, as were the scarce random width oak and pineapple shapes), balloon-back Hepplewhite Sheraton secretary.



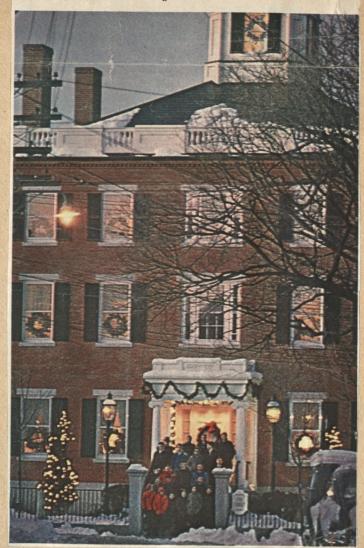
Handwoven silk curtains and antique Chinese porcelain lamps are found the lounge.

More Victorian in feeling than the other 13 "formal" guest bedrooms is the one used by President and Mrs. Grant on their visit to the island in August, 1874. The antique Ouchak rug is a milti-color pattern dear to Victorian designers; thick as cream are hand-crocheted bedspreads. Unusual is a spindle lounge chair with whalebone plaques used by Nantucketers to prove payment of debt.

On June 15, 1964, the trust completed building an adjoining structure which replaced a Victorian house so deteriorated that it detracted from the beauty of the Jared Coffin House. It adds 12 rooms to the inn's capacity, is a simple traditional two-story house with clapboard front and shingled sides.



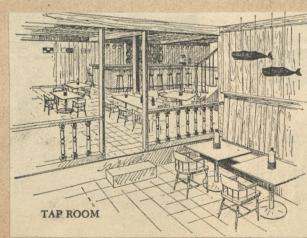
Community choristers in an annual carol sing pause on the steps of the Jared Coffin House.







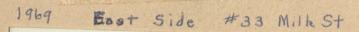






George Coffin house #33 M!IKST. Esty Pencil Sketch







1969



S.E. Corner #33 Milk St.



Parlor" - George Coffin house-#33 Milk 5t.

& Dangler Kamp on Pembroke Table Thomb print fruit compote on Table

hadder back chain

2 Hitchcock childrens chairs

Fire screen

Tip table

Sewing cabinet on table made by sailors on Sarah Parker Bristol vases on mantel.

Doll _ "Rebecca" - (Gnace Brown Gardner's)

Fiddle back chain - (pot chain originally)

Grace Brown Good



Her grandfather's picture His "log book" in her lap-Wm. Bunken Gardner Capt of "Sarah Parker" "Ad "Colombus"

George Coffin house #33 Milk St. Hall-way

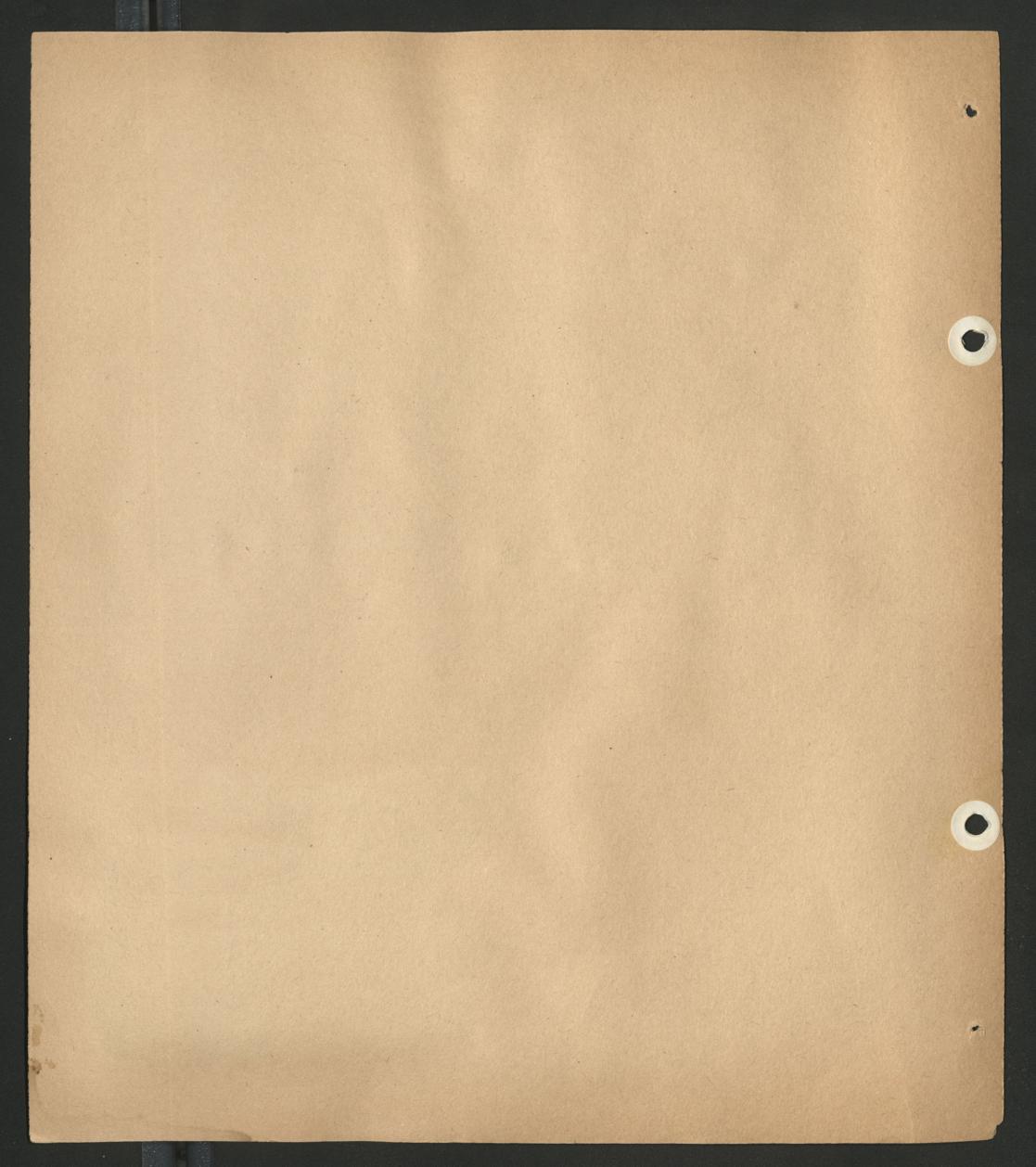


"Gardner" seal on high boy
"George Prion tall clock — English
hantern
Primitive Child's pontrait
Chippendale Chairs (3°n all)
Tip table
Salt glaze crock on table
Fine buckets (2)
"Hit + miss" stain runner
Scenic Wall paper

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas M. Hubbard, of Baltimore, are visiting Miss Grace Brown Gardner at her home, 33 Milk street. Mr. Hubbard is the grandson of Obed M. Coffin of this town, who moved to Maryland about 1830, and was killed on a Union transport in the Civil War, leaving six children. Mr. Hubbard, who is the first of the family to visit Nantucket in over fifty years, is much interested in the island.



Tom Hubband "4 Grace Brown Gardner



Room Living #33 Milk St.



y Pontnait of Charlotte Coffin Gardner over the mantel

2 Whale oil, pewter lamp on montel

3 Rush bottom chain - Dutch influence

& Pembroke Table

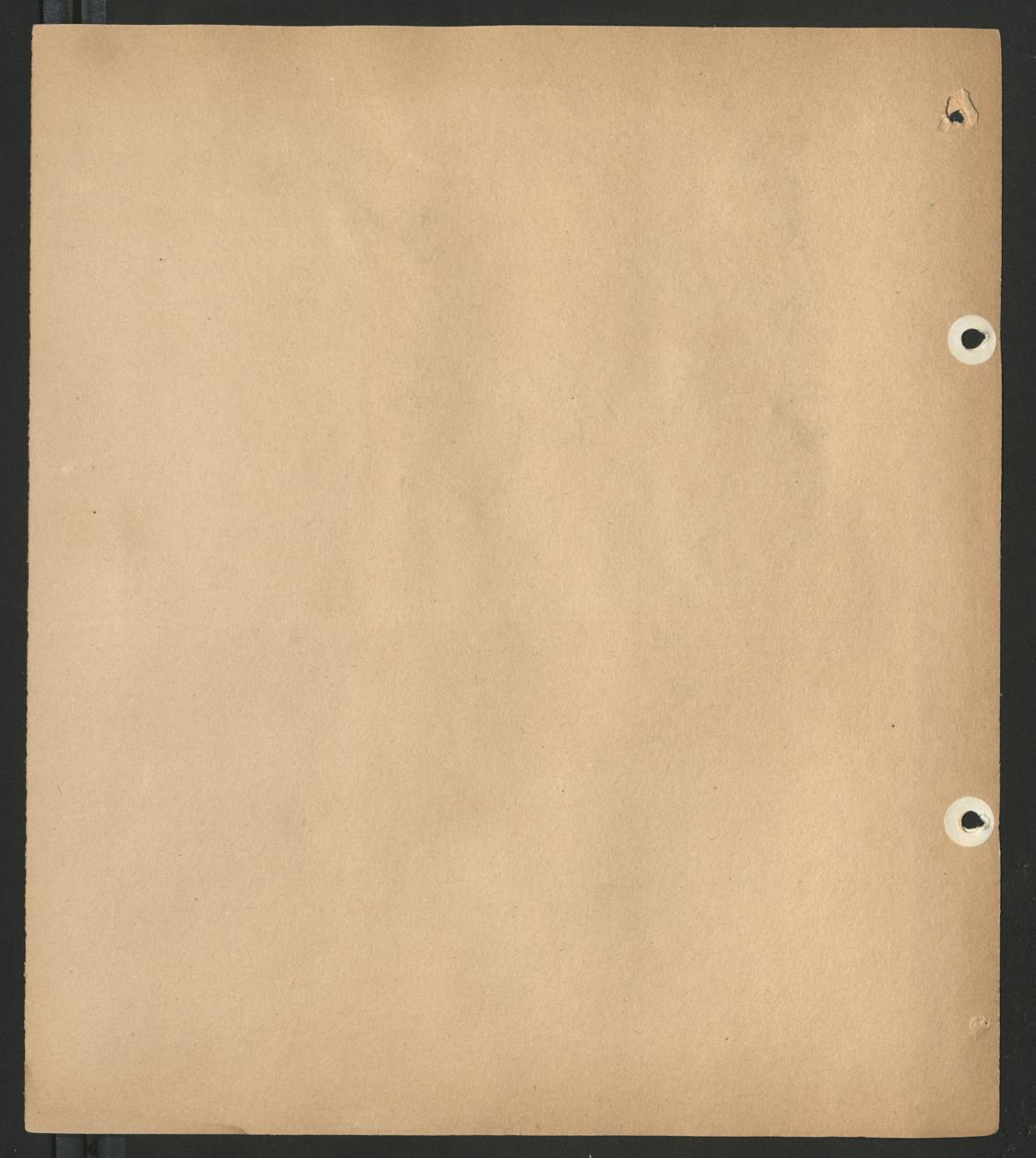
5 Binch Chest of Drawers

& Portnait of Andrew Calder a direct descendant of Bruce, King of Scotland. Money was received from the Cawdor (some of Calder) Estate in Scotland. He was the brother (?) of Sally Calder Cottin, mother of Charlotte Cottin Gardner.

7. Fiddle back Winsor chair

8. Woven rag carpet on floor

9 Sunderland Juster jug on the bureau Sandwich glass sugar bowl-rose pattern



Another Of The Houses On Historic List



The War of 1812 had a profound effect on a number of things, but tradition and the Quaker influence prevailed when it came to architecture of the early 1800s.

The Grace Brown Gardner House on Milk St. and Quaker Road is a perfect example of unchanging architecture in an era of change.

It is another in the series of Nantucket buildings chosen for inclusion in the archives of the Library of Congress by the Historic American Buildings Survey.

The Gardner House, now the home of Grace Brown Gardner, has been in the same family since it was built in 1820 by George

On Mr. Coffin's death in 1867, daughter Charlotte Coffin Gardner inherited the home, and her son Arthur H. Gardner took over until

The building's interest lies in the fact that it illustrates how accepted architectural forms of the pre-1800s persisted on the Island into the 19th century, despite the war. The house is constructed in traditional style with a four bay front and door, and an off-center chimney.

The windows are all identical, and the off-center arrangement is typical of older houses. Only the entrance of the house was made more ornate than those of its predecessors.

The front parlor woodwork is similar to that in the hall, and a plaster dado with a wide, beaded dado cap is used on all four walls. The transition from the interior plaster wall to the ceiling is eased by a simple cornice.

The doors in the house lack raised panels - an indication of 19th century workmanship. The

33 Milk St. Builtin 1820 By George Coffin who was Great, great Grandfather of Gertrude Agnes Pratt (Porter) and Ralph Warren Porter-N.B. is a "Coffin" house.

This house at 33 Milk Street is one of the "three-quarter" or "onesided" houses. It is owned, and lived in, by Miss Grace Brown Gardner. well-loved guardian of much of Nantucket history preserved in old books and documents which she has gathered through the years.

For the Inquirer and Mirror.

The "Big Shop."

progress for the sale of the "Big Shop," carries me back in imagination fifty years, when the old building was in its prime, and the noise of busy industry could be heard Whaleboats and candle boxes were then being turned out in great numbers by Messrs.

George and Reuben Coffin, the proprietors, No houte work work and fold forth in the Atheneum or either of the churches without fear of being disturbed, or need of protection.

But a change came over the business carried on there with the decline of whaling. within from early morn till sundown.

within from early morn and the boxes were then being turned out in great numbers by Messrs. George and Reuben Coffin, the proprietors, and after tax it was always the rendezvous and after tax it was always the rendezvous of sperm candle boxes were useded, and the manufacture of sperm candle in the western section of the town, who met to disense the shop was med into a dwelling house questions of the day, local, state and nation—for the junior partner, who resided there unal. As the great majority of the visitors it his death, some thirty years ago. The were skeep owners, it was here that all ques—north half, belonging to the senior, was still times relative to the management of the used as a place of resort, but many of the sheep were settled, the days for yarding, older visitors had passed away, new men washing and shearing fixed upon, drivers, had taken their places, the remnant of the appointed, &c. Here the hides of all sheep-old ones wanted some place where a fire found dead upon the common were brought, the finder cutting out one fore-quarter as Hall," where the store of Mr. Abert C. But it was on shearing days that the pled for many years. But time has rolled old shop was a glorious place for us boys, on; the last of the men who met there fifty who assembled there bright and early onycars ago has passed away, and it is meet those mornings, and as the carts of the valarities, and a bit of restoration work here and there.

Historically speaking, the building was the home of Arthur the house is a building known as the store of the colosets, a direct of the colosets, a direct of the colosets, a direct of the colosets, and the shop to take a fresh departure, engaged some of us who were are who were generally here at the time to restore the color of the c

During a terrific gale of wind, somewhere about 1833, the great sperm whale which did duty as a weathercock on the south end of the building was blown down and broken off at the "small." An ingenious artisan who used to manufacture work boxes for the ladies in the short fitted a very set of "fillulos".

used to manufacture work boxes for the fa-dies in the shop, fitted a jew set of "flukes" from sheet copper, and the whale was again hoisted to his position and did duty for many years. The place was finally supplied by a smaller one, which I believe is still "run-ning to windward" on a neighboring build-ing

In 1841, when abolutionists led by William Lloyd Garrison and Stephen Foster held meetings on the Island, Coffin made the shop available to them since Foster's militant attacks on the clergy prevented his use of the Town's churches and public halls.

JUNE 17, 1882. Interesting Facts Regarding the "Big Shop and its Old-time Habitues.

At the time of the abolition excitement, about forty years ago, when the lecturers had been refused some of the halls to lec-The "Big Shop."

The "Big Shop" and Its Former Habitues

--A Few Interesting Facts Concerning

This Ancient Rendezvous of the Devotees of Free Speech.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—The announcement in your last issue that negotiations were in your last issue that negotiations were in who assembled there—ardent lovers of lib. who assembled there—ardent lovers of lib-erty and free speech—could not be trifled with, and their offer of protection would be carried out, even if somebody got hurt. But the abolition excitement soon subsided, and their lecturers could hold forth in the Athe-





Anthor H. Gardner - left Grace Brown Gardner - center Mary (Brown) Gardner - right

NATIVE OF NANTUCKE HALE AND HEARTY 90TH BIRTHDAY

Father of C. W. Coffin Noted Whaling Captain.

BRIDGEWATER, Sept. 3.—Charles Warren Coffin celebrated his 90th birthday anniversary at his home, 373 South street to-day. Mr. Coffin was born on Nantucket island, Sept. 3, 1845. His father was Capt. Samuel Coffin, the log and tiller of whose whaling vessel, "Lima," is now on exhibition at the whaling museum at Nantucket.

Mr. Coffin is in his wayal good.

Nantucket.

Mr. Coffin is in his usual good health and always has a kind word for everyone. He is the only living charter member of Nemasket Grange of Middleboro and he is a member of the First Congregational church at Middleboro Green. He makes his home with his daughter, Mrs. John C. Porter.

Mr. Coffin received congratulations from many callers to-day with visitors coming from Connecticut, Nantucket island, Boston, Middleboro as well as his own immediate family, including his son, Arthur Coffin of Middleboro; a sister, Mrs. Lydia Simpson; his grandson, Ralph W. Porter, and granddaughter, Mrs. Arthur E. Pratt and two greatgranchildren, Arthur Elis Pratt, Jr., and Gardner Otis Pratt.

Friends and neighbors in Bridgewater called throughout the day and Mr. Coffin received congratulations

water called throughout the day and found Mr. Coffin alert and intensely interested in all the affairs of the day

both locally and afield.

A Native of Nantucket.

From The Brockton Enterprise.

Charles Warren Coffin, who recently celebrated the ninetieth anniversary of his birth at his home in

versary of his birth at his home in Bridgewater, was born on Nantucket island, September 3, 1845. His father was Capt. Samuel Coffin, the log and tiller of whose whaling vessel "Lima" are now on exhibition at the whaling museum at Nantucket. Mr. Coffin is in his usual good health and always has a kind word for everyone. He is the only living charter member of the Nemasket Grange of Middleboro and he is a member of the First Congregational Church at Middleboro Green. He makes his home with his daughter, Mrs. John C. Porter.

Mr. Coffin received congratulations from many callers today with visi-

Mr. Coffin received congratulations from many callers today with visitors coming from Connecticut, Nantucket island, Boston, Middleboro, as well as his own immediate family, including his son, Arthur Coffin of Middleboro; a sister, Mrs. Lydia Simpson; his grandson, Ralph W. Porter, and granddaughter, Mrs. Arthur E. Pratt and two greatgrandchildren, Arthur Ellis Pratt Jr., and Gardner Otis Pratt.

Friends and neighbors in Bridgewater called throughout the day and found Mr. Coffin alert and intensely interested in all the affairs of the day, both locally and afield.

Chas. W. Coffin, 90, Bridgewater, Dead

BRIDGEWATER, Dec. 13.—Charles W. Coffin, 90, died yesterday at the home of his daughter, Mrs. John C. Porter of 373 South street. He was born in Nantucket the son of Samuel and Saran Nye Coffin. He had resided here 35 years and was formerly in the milk business in Middleboro.

Mr. Coffin was the only Aving charter member of Nemasket Grange, Tiddleboro, and was a member of the rirst Congregational church of Mid-

deboro. He is survived by a sister,
Mrs I your Simpson of Bridgwater, a
daughter, Mrs. John C. Porter and a
son, Arthur Coffin of Lakeville.
Services will be held from a funeral home on Summer street Sunday
afternoon with Rev. Arthur G. Cummings, pastor of the First Congregational church of Middleboro as officiating clergyman. Interment will be
in Nemasket Hill cemetery, Middleboro.

MIDDLEBORO BURIAL.

MIDDLEBORO, Dec. 16.—The body of Charles W. Coffin, 90, last surviving charter member of Nemasket Grange, was brought here yesterday for burial after Rev. A. G. Cummings of the First Congregational church of which he was a member, conducted services in Bridgewater. He was a milk dealer here for years.

CHARLES W. COFFIN 25
BRIDGEWATER, Dec. 12—
Charles W. Coffin, 90, died this afternoon at the home of his daughter,
Mrs. John C. Porter, South street.
He was a native of Nantucket and passed the early part of his life in that town. Later he moved to Middleboro, where he conducted a large milk farm.

milk farm.

He was the only living charter member of Nemasket Grange of Middleboro and had been for many years a member of the First Congregational Church there. He is survived by his daughter and a son.

vived by his daughter and a son.
Arthur Coffin.
The funeral will be held Sunday
at a local funeral parlor. Burial will be in Middleboro.



Frene Coffin Freda



BRADFORD COFFIN



Brad ford

Irene "Brads" Aunt

FUNERAL NOTICE

COFFIN — In San Francisco, California, November 10, 1973 Bradford M. Coffin, dearly beloved husband of Freda Coffin; Loving Father of Hendrika Coffin; Loving brother of Mary L. Wolthuis, and Robert L. Coffin. A graduate of the Maritime Officer's School, Alameda. A member of International Organization of Masters Mates and Pilots. Former member of First United Presbyterian Church, Oakland. A native of San Francisco. Aged 57 years.

Friends are invited to attend the funeral services Wednesday, November 14 at 11 a.m. at the JOHN COX PIEDMONT CHAPEL, 4016 Howe Street, Oakland, Reverend Arthur Dahlberg officiating. Interment Presbyterian Cemetery, Tomales, California.

It's An Even Hundred Today



Many greeting cards have come to Mrs. Lydia Gardner Coffin Simpson on the occasion of her 100th birthday. In above photo she is shown exhibiting some of the cards to her nurse, Miss Christine Barry.

WASHINGTON STREET WOMAN IS NOTING 100th BIRTHDAY TODAY

Mrs. Lydia Gardner Coffin Simpson, known to her relatives and friends as "Aunt G", is celebrating her 100th birthday today (Saturday). And she will actually celebrate since her friends and the staff at Elmarchri convalescent home on Washington street are planning a real birthday party for her and there will be an appropriately decorated cake and all the trimmings. In fact it should be quite a day for the beloved centenarian since many of her relatives and friends have already indicated that they will "drop in on her" during the day. She has already received a number of cards, some lovely flowers and several useful gifts.

Mrs. Simpson was born on Nantucket island, July 5, 1852, the daughter of Captain Samuel Calder Coffin and Sarah Bunker Nye. She comes from a long line of sturdy and stalwart seafaring folk who made their homes on Nantucket island for several generations. She land for several generations. She land for several generations in the Nantucket schools. When her father retired from the sea he purchased a farm in Middleboro, Mass., where she often walked the four miles back

Boughten of Capt. Samuel C. Cottin Grand- " George Cottin builder of#33 Milk St., Nantucket

Sister of Charles Warner Cottin



Formerly of Groton

Feb 9, 1957

Mrs. Lydia Simpson, Norwich's Oldest Resident, Expires at 104

Norwich's oldest resident died Saturday night at the age of 104, leaving two grand-nieces in Groton, where she formerly lived.

Mrs. Lydia G. Caden Simpson, widow of Robert Simpson and a descendant of a long line of Nantucket Island seafarers, passed away at 10:20 o'clock at the Simachri Convalescent Home in Norwich, where she had been since June 27, 1951.

She was the grand-aunt of the

She was the grand-aunt of the Misses Katheryn and Eleanor Simpson, both of 161 Monument St., Groton, and from about 1941 to 1951 lived at the same address 1922. with her nephew, the late Robert Coffin Simpson.

Mrs. Simpson, whose health had been generally good despite her age, had been seriously ill about a week.

Celebrated Birthday

After her marriage in 1911, she lived in Brooklyn, Mass. Her husband, a Boston druggist, died in 1922.

From 1925 to 1941, Mrs. Simp-From 1925 to 1941, Mrs. Simpson resided with relatives in Bridgewater, Mass., and then moved to Groton, where she made her home until entering the con-

valescent home.

Her closest survivors, besides the Celebrated Birthday

Last July, she celebrated her birthday with her friends at the home—where she was known as Aunt G.—by joining in group singing and blowing out three candles on a birthday cake, signifying her third year of her second century.

Mrs. Simpson was born July 5, 1852, in Nantucket, daughter of Capt. Samuel and Sara Bunker Nye Coffin Calder.

She received her early schooling in Nantucket and was considered service will be at 15 a.m. tomorrow at Byles Groton Memorial Home. Burial will take place at 2 p. m. in Forest Hills Cemetery in Jamaica Plain, 1 manucket and was considered service will be at 15 a.m. tomorrow at Byles Groton Memorial Home. Burial will take place at 2 p. m. in Forest Hills Cemetery in Jamaica Plain, 1 manucket and was considered service will be at 15 a.m. tomorrow at Byles Groton Memorial Home. Burial will take place at 2 p. m. in Forest Hills Cemetery in Jamaica Plain, 1 m. Tomorrow at Byles Groton Memorial Home. Burial will take place at 2 p. m. in Forest Hills Cemetery in Jamaica Plain, 1 m. Tomorrow at Byles Groton Memorial Home. Burial will take place at 2 p. m. in Forest Hills Cemetery in Jamaica Plain, 1 m. Tomorrow at Byles Groton Memorial Home. Burial will take place at 2 p. m. in Forest Hills Cemetery in Jamaica Plain, 1 m. Tomorrow at Byles Groton Memorial Home. Burial will take place at 2 p. m. in Forest Hills Cemetery in Jamaica Plain, 1 m. Tomorrow at Byles Groton Memorial Home. Burial will take place at 2 p. m. in Forest Hills Cemetery in Jamaica Plain, 1 m. Tomorrow at Byles Groton Memorial Home. Burial will take place at 2 p. m. in Forest Hills Cemetery in Jamaica Plain, 1 m. Tomorrow at Byles Groton Memorial Home. Burial will take place at 2 p. m. in Forest Hills Cemetery in Jamaica Plain, 1 m. Tomorrow at Byles Groton Memorial Home. Burial will take place at 2 p. m. in Forest Hills Cemetery in Jamaica Plain, 1 m. Tomorrow at Byles Groton Memorial Home. Burial will take place at 2 p. m. in Forest Hills Cemetery in Jamaica Plain, 1 m. Tomorrow at Byles Groton Me



TAPE WEAVING. The strands of time

A tape binding Nan-

Capt. John Pitman,

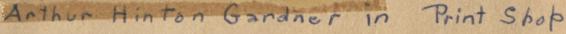




Photo only copyright by T. Coffin Pitman, Nantucket, 1908.

T. C. PITMAN,

Carpenter, Builder and General Jobber. Residence, 46 Centre Street, Nantucket, Mass.



Aug. 1959

Will Tripp "Wharf-rat"member Chob and Conator of "New Bedford's Whaling Museum"



The "Charles W. Morgan" approaching her last berth at Mystic Seaport, Connecticut. Note the Nantucket "Wharf Rat" flag, which Captain Tripp flew from her main topsail yardarm.

His Last Command

The late William H. Tripp, retired Curator of New Bedford's whaling museum, was the last actual master of the last wooden whaleship, "Charles W. Morgan." When the "Morgan" was towed to Mystic Seaport during November of 1941, for placement in her last berth, it was decided to have a sailing master appointed. The United States Customs, through Deputy Collector William J. Fizgerald, handed Mr. Tripp the ship's registry certificate and recognized his appointment as the "Morgan's" official captain.

The "Morgan" left New Bedford on November 5, 1941, with Captain Tripp at her wheel, in tow of the Coast Guard cutter "General Greene," under Chief Boatswain Lawrence Jordan. The "crew" making the trip with Captain Tripp, included Everett S. Allen, of the New Bedford Standard-Times; Frank C. Carey, Associated Press; Louis Sylvia, Anthony Arsenault, Amadee Roy, Claude S. Tucker, and P. Howard Young, of New Bedford, and three Coast Guardsmen, John Guziak, Alvin Farntach, and Leo Langlois. Arriving in the "Race" off Fishers Island, late in the evening, at a bad time, it was decided to spend the night at New London rather than risk the twists and turns of the Mystic River. The next day, November 6, 1941, the "Morgan" arrived safely at

Mystic Seaport and Captain Tripp handed over his papers to the Marine Historical Association, her new owner.

As she came up the river, to her last berth, "Will" Tripp remained at the wheel. His own experience aboard the whaling schooner "John R. Manta" in 1925, certainly qualified him for his historic task. Many years later, while he again stood on the old whaleship's deck, he was asked what he was thinking about on that occasion.

"It was a mixed up feeling," he replied slowly. "When she was under tow, I was surprised at how easily she steered, and in the night I would go to her rail and watch the water sliding by — as if she wasn't actually under tow but still alive and free and sailing on her own, only there were no sails set. I was happy when we arrived safely at Mystic but I was also sorry the last voyage was now ended. But I am always proud for the honor of being her last skipper."

The Late "Will" Tripp

The death of William H. Tripp last Sunday, was a distinct loss to Nantucket as well as to his native city of New Bedford.

(Nov. 29, 1959)

William H. Tripp was a man to

William H. Tripp was a man to whom the whaling industry was more than a mere study. He conducted his own personal research in 1925 as he served as an observer aboard the schooner "John R. Manta," last of the New Bedford whalers, and continued his dedication to this chosen field as the Curator of the New Bedford Whaling Museum on Johnny Cake Hill. In his book, "Thar Goes Flukes," he reclaimed many a story which may have been lost but for his notebook.

He became a faithful friend to Nantucket and, through the Nantucket Historical Association, aided in many ways with advice and counsel. When the plaque memorializing William F. Macy, founder of the Whaling Museum, was dedicated, Mr. Tripp was the principal speaker

Always keenly interested in photography, he made a fine collection of color slides of the island. His services as a lecturer were called upon on several occasions, and during the Whaling Seminar, conducted this summer by the Nantucket Historical Association, he showed a most interesting collection of slides with an equally interesting commentary.

One of "Will" Tripp's delights was to spend a few days on the island in the off-season, when he could chat with his many friends here, add to

is collection of slides, and enjoy a leisurely walk about the town. Only a few of his intimate friends, however, could induce him to become their house guest, and these were always cognizant of this inner reticence which was a characteristic.

"Will" Tripp led a full life, being active until a few days of his death. His genial personality, his ready smile, and old-world courtesy, marked him as a man of superior qualities. His friends, his associates, and his legion of acquaintances will remember him always with affection and esteem.

Merry Christmas



"In A World Weset"

William H. Tripp

WHALING MUSEUM



NEW BEDFORD
MASSACHUSETTS

Will Tripp - Curator

Friday Night.

and faith in him, which had never been of Nantucket.

shaken through the passing years,

Although a Nantucketer, he was not having first the better for his life of usefulness.

An interesting conversationalist, with a keen mind, a lasting memory and a ready wit, he was ever a source in San Francisco that Arthur Gardner of information, especially on matters was born on the 4th of August, 1854, relating to Nantucket, and many there and when but a mere infant he "went are who have enjoyed and profited by his counsel.

Arthur H. Gardner was one of the last of the old-time printers of Nanfact that he was a "printer," that title meaning fully as much to him as any of the various other titles tendered him during his career in the service of his home town. The testimonial tendered him by the annual town meeting a week ago was deeply appreciated by him, although at the



The late Arthur H. Gardner

time he was too weak to read it himself, or to receive the committee. It gave him a sense of pleasure, however, to realize that his life-long ef- annual meeting of 1923. He often forts for his home town were not forgotten by his fellow citizens.

Yes, he knew Nantucket and knew Death of Arthur H. Gardner it well. None knew it better. He was a mine of information on matters per-Our readers, both far and near, will learn with deep regret of the death of Arthur Hinton Gardner shortly before midnight Friday. He had been gradually failing in health for some time and his decease had been expected for several days.

In the information on matters pertaining to the island's past history, was keenly interested in her present development, and was filled with optimism regarding her future. A true did he let pass unnoticed an opportunity, either by word or speech, to several days. Mr. Gardner was one of Nantucket's There was none better informed than sterling citizens—a man who every he on all matters pertaining to the body admired. Conscientious, honest island. He had made a keen study and sincere to the core, he was as of her past—always had facts and true as steel in his dealings with his figures which were reliable and were fellow-men and he had the confidence instantly available—and he took pride and respect of all classes. The comin research work, thus contributing munity as a whole had implicit trust much valuable matter to the history

since first he stepped forward in his early manhood and interested himself in town affairs. He was always a seen the light of day out on the Pawise counselor and a willing helper cific coast, his mother having accomand Nantucket and Nantucketers are panied his father, Capt. William B. Gardner, one of the Nantucket sea captains, on a voyage "round the Horn" in the ship Sarah Parker. It was to sea" and came back home with his parents on the long voyage down the cidents of his early life that he took pleasure in referring to.

his time there under Hussey & Rob- mittee was first organized. inson at the usual wage paid a print- On the 2nd of June, 1879, he marer's apprentice in those days-\$50 the ried Miss Mary M. Brown, who surfirst year, \$75 the second and \$100 the vives him. They have always been third.

worked in Boston for a while and then Ralph, dying in boy-hood. Their worked in Boston for a while and then returned to Nantucket. In September, 1878, he commenced the publication of the "Nantucket Journal" and then the publication of the "Nantucket Journal" and then daughter, Miss Grace Brown Gardner, who also survives him, is one of the instructors at the Framingham Norlic servant: issued the first number on the 26th of mal School, and came home two weeks September, 1878, from the ante-rooms ago to be with her father during his of Pantheon Hall over what is now last illness. The sympathy of all is With what sublime repression of himself, Small's drug store). Later he moved extended the widow and daughter in his printing plant to the wick block their bereavement. on Main street over the periodical ber, 1899.

Mr. Gardner was always a clear and forceful writer. He had the ability death. to put his thoughts into words, by both speech and pen, and his voice was heard on the town meeting floor at an early age, he continuing to be a regular attendant up to and including the Lodge.

ings, but in more recent years his work as secretary of the town's advisory committee was perhaps the most effective and of the greatest residence on Milk street, Tuesday afvalue to the town.

Mr. Gardner had held many offices of trust and responsibility. He first entered upon his career as a public official in 1882, when he was elected to the school board, where he remained for twenty-eight years, serving the greater part of the time as chairman of the board.

Mr. Gardner served on the Board of Selectmen from 1887 to 1893 inclusive and in 1888 was selected as Town Clerk, to fill out an unexpired term, and three years later was sent to the State Legislature as Representative from Nantucket, being elected for seven terms in all, covering the years 1891-2, and 1900-1-2-3-4.

In 1907 he was elected Collector of Taxes, which position he has held ever since, serving the town well and with marked efficiency. It was with a sense of pride that Mr. Gardner closed the books for the year 1923, only a few weeks ago, with the knowledge that he had collected every cent of last year's tax levy.

Failing health compelled him to relinquish his activities during the past America and up the Atlantic to Nan- year and although he was able to pretucket. The features of the voyage side at the annual meeting of the tucket and he always took pride in the he was of course too young to remem. I antucket Historical Association last ber, but it was always one of the in- July, having been elected president of the association the previous year, and also made a trip to Boston in November and addressed the Sons and After completing his education in the Nantucket schools, he entered The Daughters of Nantucket at their annual reunion, he, as well as his friends Inquirer and Mirror office as an ap- and relatives, realized that his health prentice, in the autumn of 1871, and would not permit him to again serve learned the printer's trade. The of- on the advisory committee at the and fice was then located on the north side of the lower square in the upper story of what is now the Wannacomet Wahard been most valuable in this partition. ter Company's building. He served cular capacity ever since the com-

> a devoted, home-loving couple. Two Completing his apprenticeship, he children were born to them, a son,

Mr. Gardner was a member of store and continued its publication for Union Lodge, F. & A. M., of this twenty-one years, the last issue of the town, and had served several years as Journal being on the 23d of Novera- president of the Nantucket Atheneum, as well being president of the Historical Association at the time of his

Funeral Services.

attendance of relatives and friends. he so efficiently and faithfully met. During the hour of services business The Masonic funeral service folowing tribute to the deceased:

foremost citizen. No one, even among those most conspicuous and most honored, has served the town so long, and in so many capacities, and al tributes in memory of the deceased. through all the service has held an equal place in the esteem and the affection of the community, as has Arthur Hinton Gardner.
He was a man of unusual ability.

There have been other men of great ability in the two and a half centuries of Nantucket's history, men who have done one thing or another with suc-cess, and whose fame will long survive them; but Mr. Gardner did so many things, held so many public ofresponded to so many |calls, So, when a good man dies, fices, responded to so many calls, So, when a good man dies, and through so long an extent of For years beyond our ken, years, and did all with such unfail. The light he leaves behind him ing skill, wisdom, and grace, that he Shines upon the paths of men." really stands out superior to all others.

He was a man of sterling integrity. Who doeth righteous deed Too often men of great ability are not correspondingly distinguished for moral quality, but in Mr. Gardner's case intellectual power and moral quality were inseparable. His fellow townsmen had absolute confidence in him, whatever office or position he held during his forty-two years of public service, assured that he would not only do the thing that was wise, but also the thing that was unmistakably

He was a man who took life serious-His was a genial nature, capable of appreciating the bright, pleasant, the cheerful, the amusing things of life, but withal not forget-ting that life is real, life is earnest. He was no idler, no trifler; he did with his might what his hand found

He was a man of great public spir-His long and varied service was a service of others, not of himself. He sought and served the general good. Anything that he could do for the community he loved he did gladly

"We see him as he moved, How modest, kindly, all-accomplished, wise, And in what limits, and how tenderly; Not swaying to this faction or to that: Not making his high place the lawless perch Of wing'd ambitions, nor a vantage-ground For pleasure; but through all this tract of years Wearing the white flower of a blameless life."

Of oldest and finest Nantucket stock, Arthur Hinton Gardner did honor to that stock. He was one of the island's finest spiritual products; one who will long be spoken of with framed—be conspicuously hung in appreciation and love one whose life the little of this type Cellect. Funeral services are to be held at appreciation and love; one whose life that little sanctum of his, the Collecthis late residence on Milk street, Tues- will be a standard by which those who

> in large measure upon its possession of men of ability and character who force. will devote themselves to the public Well is it for a community or a nation when it has such men, when it recognizes their quality, and when it calls them to service from which they will not hold back.

It has been fortunate for Nantuckternoon at 2.00 o'clock, with a large him the various responsibilities which

was suspended on Main street as a lowed, conducted by the Worshipful mark of respect to his memory. The Master of Union Lodge, Edward P. Rev. Charles A. Ratcliffe, pastor of Tice, with a large delegation of the the Congregational church, officiated, brethren gathered around the bier. and during the service paid the fol- Masonic committal service was held at the grave, interment being in the This large gathering, so thoroughly representative of our Town, is a fitting tribute to the memory of one who has for years unquestionably been our foremost citizen. No one even

There were a large number of flor-

In Memoriam.

Arthur H. Gardner February 22, 1924.

"Were a star quenched on high, For ages would its light Still travelling downward from the Shine on our mo tal sight.

"He serves his country best And leaves his sons As uttermost bequest. A stainless record Which all men nay read."

The Late Arthur Gardner.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

Your editorial on the passing of Arthur Gardner, in my humble opinionbased upon an acquaintance of forty years-was most fitting, was fine, true to life, adequate. And there never was a more speaking likeness than the portrait of him which you used.

If your editorial were not so thoroughly satisfactory I would be tempted, as an old friend, to testify myself. But it suffices, and we might write "verbum suf." As it is I will content myself to add this faltering tribute:

Arthur Gardner was essentially Nantucket. His extraction, his habit and even his appearance were reminders of the island's ancient days. And while his varied and valuable services are safely recorded in the archive's, his kindling eye, his swinging gait, are now but memories.

day afternoon at 2.00 o'clock, the servpublic or in private life.

The well-being of a people depends grimage there, telling of a life so

The well-being of a people depends grimage there, telling of a life so or's office. To be seen by every tax-

> George L. Carlisle. Berkeley, California: March 4,

Mrs. Arthur H. Gardner received a pleasant birthday surprise in Quidnet last Saturday evening. The party quietly approached the house to find Mrs. Gardner gracefully reclining uppoetry to her. Mr. Brown then most feelingly rendered a selection upon the harmonica, under the east window. (We were indeed sorry to disturb such an ideal home scene). However, both started to their feet, Mr. Gardner, whose thoughts are ever with "Wrecks Around Nantucket", exclaiming, "It's a vessel!" but soon changed his mind as the rest of the party joined in the chorus with horns, dinner bells, etc. Finally, all were admitted to the cheerful fireside, where cards were enjoyed for some time, after which certain mysterious packages were opened and the table set with a beautifully decorated birthday cake in the center. The party then sat down to coffee, sandwiches, ice cream and cake. The next day we noticed Mr. Gardner looked rather peaked-the result, no doubt, of three huge slabs of ice cream.

June 7, 1879

Bridal Loaf.—On Tuesday last a brida urday, the flame of a noble life was extinloaf arrived here from San Francisco fo guished, and a christian spirit journeyed Mr. and Mrs. Arthur H. Gardner, it being to life immortal. Kind hands had minisa present from Mrs. Mary Macy, of tha tered to her wants during long suffering, letters, in pink, "M. M. B."

Accident

Mr. Arthur H. Gardner, of the Journal, met with a serious accident last Saturday afternoon, which will incapacitate him for active duty for a time. While at work at a printing press, his right hand was caught by the machine and several bones crushed, though it is not thought any of the joints are injured. Dr. E. B. Coleman was called. We trust Bro. Gardner will quickly recover use of the damaged member. The accident occurring right at the height of the season is most unfortunate. Avg. 12.1899

OBITUARY. With the fall of evening shades last Sat-

city, an aunt of the bride, for whom she and medical skill made an effort to give was named. It was beautifully frosted and her a new lease of life, but without avail, ornamented with flowers, and bore the and Mrs. Charlotte Gardner passed quietly away to her long rest. With tender recollections of her as a shining example of christian faith and noble purposes do we pay our last tribute to the memory of one intimately known to us for long years, and from whose noble life excellent life-lessons might be drawn. She was a christian in actions as well as words, and her loss will be a severe blow to a large circle of friends. In the Orthodox Church, of which she has long been a member, will her loss also be deeply felt, while to her two sons will be offered the tenderest sympathies of the community in their sad bereavement. In early life Mrs. Gardner was an assistant teacher with Farnham Spofford, and those young ideas she so patiently taught, learned to regard her with deep interest, which will be reawakened on learning of her demise. The tender lines communicated to the Journal, which are reprinted below, express a just appreciation of her womanly merits, and are a sweet tribute worthily bestowed:

Sweet rest is thine—thy labor done; Freedom from pain and sickness won— Thy works do follow thee. Above all worldly wealth and fame Thy deeds of love have made thy name A sacred memory.

To our brother of the Journal we tender our heartfelt sympathy (a small consolation we know) in the loss of a kind and loving mother from his household, whose departure will leave a sad gap in the home circle, which will always be deeply felt.

DECEMBER 9, 1922

Two Gardners Introduced by Tax Bill.

We clip the following from a recent issue of the Meriden, Ct., Daily Journal:

A lady at Nantucket, Mass., sent her check for \$90 to the collector there for her taxes, but addressed her letter to The Collector at Wash-ington St. The letter found its way to Washington, Connecticut, and from there was sent here by acquaintances to one of the same name as the collector, Arthur H. Gardner.

Upon receipts of the check with no

information as to what it was for, the Meriden-Middletown Arthur H. Gardner wrote to his Nantucket namesake and received the following

Nantucket, Mass., Oct. 31, 1922.
Mr. Arthur H. Gardner,
Middletown, Conn.
Dear Sir and Namesake:
Your letter came to hand last evening and occasioned me no little

evening and occasioned me no little surprise and some jealousy, for I thought I had a monopoly of the name, which like greatness was thrust upon me independent of any exertion or volition of my own and has clung to me through good and evil report for many years.

It and I first made our acquaintance as well as our debut on the Pacific coast in the middle '50s and I have carried it over the Pacific, Atlantic and Antarctic Oceans from San Francisco to New York via Cape Horn, and into every one of the New England and Middle states and even the Dominion of Canada and never the Dominion of Canada and never had my exclusive right to it chal-lenged before.

I think it was Shakespeare who

drew quite an odious comparison between the man who appropriated his good name and the one who deprived him of the contents of his purse, but I don't believe he could have found languages to fit the occasion had he run up against one who confessed to having taken possession of both his name and his cash.

However, joking aside, I should very much like to know how a let-ter intended for me could have been addressed, and what manipulations it underwent to have been diverted from Nantucket, Massachusetts, to Washington and Middletown, Connecticut.

I presume you and I trace descent from the original Thomas Gardner who settled in Salem shortly after the advent of the Mayflower, whose two sons Richard and John removed to Nantucket, and whose descendants are scattered throughout New Eng-

Of course I shall be glad to receive the check and give proper credit

therefor.
Thanking you for your courtesy in the matter and anticipating your reply, I am very truly yours,
Arthur H. Gardner.

1875

NARROW Escape. - On Thursday afternoon last, while Mr. Arthur Gardner was walking on the Old North wharf, he heard the report of a pistol, fired on the Steamboat wharf, followed almost instantly by a whizzing sound and a blow on the right side of his neck that caused him to stagger considerably. He states that on regaining himself the bottom of his right ear and side of his head felt benumbed. He removed his collar and found an indentation made by a bullet, which must have entered his neck had it not been for the protection afforded by it. As near as could be judged the ball must have struck the water, glanced up against the gentleman's neck, grazing the ear and side of the face in its course. Mr. Gardner says that he took a boat and rowed over to the wharf from which the bullet came, and there found a gentleman, with pistol in hand, who stated that he had just fired at a rat; but he did not think the shot was from his weapon. There was but one report at the time, however, and the ball undoubtedly came from that pistol, as it was admitted that the bullet entered a hole in the wharf, whence it probably struck the water and glanced up in the manner heretofore mentioned. It is quite common to go down on our wharves now-a-days, and shoot at gulls, targets, &c. It is a dangerous practice, and the proper authorities should see that it is stopped, for a man don't care to be rambling about the wharves where there is shooting, fearing that he is liable to be the victim of somebody's carelessness.

-MR. ARTHUR H. GARDNER, Who was chosen Representative for Nantucket in the next General Court, as an independent Republican, has cause for congratulation. His election is a rebuke to the Republican organization and its methods. The machine has been disabled. A strong Republican town ought to be able to command a strong Republican majority for a regular Republican nominee. But when good Republicans, whose fidelity to party principles goes without saying, refuse to be bound by the caucus nomination, there must be something politically wrong. Mr. Jardner was supported by Republicans, Democrats and Prohibitionists. Persons of widely divergent sentiments upon many questions, waived their differences and united in his support, not because he was their choice, but because his candidacy furnished the opportunity to deteat a regular candidate of the dominant party. It is much easier to defeat a candidate than to make choice of one. The choice in this case was to defeat another. Every one voting for Mr. Gardner, however, conceded his ability and integrity, and commended his independence. They will not expect his action to be in accord with their own on all questions. His opportunities will be very fine.

EVERY CENT SECURED BY WOMAN TAX COLLECTOR

All Nantucket's Precedents Broken by Mrs Marin Gardner-"Just Did It"; That's All

this island for 30 English pounds and read from the ceiling. two beaver hats, "one for myself and one for my wife," Nantucket has had its taxes collected by a woman. And for the first time the taxes are all collected, every cent of the \$161,000, before the publication of the annual report.

Three men wanted the post of tax

collector which Mrs Marian Gardner won last year. Now, as town meeting draws round again, she is unop-

posed for another term.

It would not be surprising if Nantucket accepted Mr Gardner's exceptional administration as establishing a precedent, and made it a tradition to

keep a woman in the tax office.
For this is an old-fashioned town,
where most things are done just as
they have always been. The bell ringer still rings the great bell in the old Congregational Church watch tower 52 times at 7 in the morning to tell the town the workday has commenced again, and 52 times more at noon, and then 52 times for curfew at 9 in the

is no longer a fashionable dinner hour. Not even on Nantucket do folks really go to bed at 9. You may ask why the bell ringer must still count 156 strokes each day, and you are told that he al-ways has. The islanders at home listen the bell and tell him if he misses

You may ask the editor of the Nantucket Mirror why the weekly paper appears in the blanket-size edition that was familiar a century ago. He tells you only that it always has.

"Just Did It"

And is not that reason enough? It is indeed a great part of the quaint charm of this island community that it shows no rage for the ultramodern. If it finds the old good, as generally it does, it recognizes no compulsion about the latest, either in mode or mechanics.

One would never pick out Mrs Gard-ner as a tradition breaker. She has spent her life collecting and preserving tradition on Nantucket. She had lived threescore years and 10 as a true child of Nantucket before she entered public life. Daughter of the founders of the town and wife of one of its modern historians and public officers, her life has been steeped in the legend and lore of her storied island home

For years Mrs Gardner has been treasurer of the Nantucket Historical Society and recording secretary of the Athenaeum. It has been her modest office to keep the records of those who wrote Nantucket's early story. Now at 70 she has begun to make local history herself. Those who come after will find her name on the pages she has turned so often.

If you should go to see Mrs Gardner and ask her how she got in all the taxes in record-breaking time, you would learn a great deal about the customs of the whaling days and the early Nantucket families.

But as for her methods as tax collector extraordinary, why she "just did it";

NANTUCKET, Jan-For the first strong now as they were in the '40s, and year since Thomas Mayhew, in 1659, sold the names painted on the sides can be

Unopposed for Reelection

Along with her tax collector's duties Mrs Gardner still carried on her lifelong study of the genealogy of Nantucket.

From the number of Revolutionary forbears she has found for descendants of the island, who from far-distant homes have sought her professional aid in proving title to membership in the Sons or Daughters of the Revolution, it would appear that the islanders of 1876 reserved their own independent interpretation of the Nantucket neutrality it a med by the dominant Quaker -.e ment of the island at the beginning of the break with England.

Mrs Gar rer's late husban', Arbur H can ber, author of "Wreeks Around Nautucke"," was elected and research ax collector for 18 years. When he died, after his 1924 election, the Selectmen appointed Mrs Gardner to complete his term.

Now she goes up for election in her own right, secure in the strength of her record.

Fire Buckets Still Hang

Nantucket is prosperous. Taxes are moderate. Why shouldn't they pay their taxes like any other bills when they are due? It is just a matter of seeing it, says the island's grandmothorly tax official.

She did not hesitate to send out war-rants and to advertise parcels of land for sale when the legal time for tax payment had elapsed. But the property that was forfeited for nonpayment of taxes was of insignificant value, undesirable lots owned by nonresidents that were taxed amounts varying from 21 cents to a dollar, and generally considered as scarcely worth owning. Mrs Gardner does not feel that she has been a harsh collector.

She comes of a race that have always found their way about the tasks the world imposes. One of her forbears fought with John Paul Jones. The sperm oil lantern her grandmother used to carry when she went calling evenings hangs in her hall, near her grandfather's great hall clock, which keeps as good time as it did 100 years ago.

The hand-painted fire buckets her grandfathers used hang above the clock. When the fire call sounded folks used to cast their fire buckets into the street and those who were going to the fire picked up the buckets and formed a bucket brigade with them. After the fire, the buckets were returned to their

Mrs Gardner's grandfathers owned deep cylindrical buckets of leather, with leather thong handles. They look as



MRS MARY GARDNER Nantucket's First Woman Tax Collector

Arthur H. Gardner, publisher of the Nan-esentative Asa T. Newhall of tucket Journal was married to Miss Mary a, Representative W. S. Bamford M., daughter of Sarah M., and the late Brockton, and Representative George F. Brown, of this town. The iam H. Cuddy of Boston. ceremony was performed in the North Congregational Church, by Rev. Howard A. Hanaford, in a most impressive and becoming manner. A very large assembly of invited friends witnessed the solemn contract, and the good wishes of all present will ever follow the worthy couple in their life pilgrimage. An unusual pleasure was the presence of the two grandmothers of the bride and bridegroom. These elderly grandparents were 89 and 91 years old, respectively, and their united ages amounted to 180 years! The bride was elegantly attired in a rich dress of French camel's hair trimmed with satin, en train. in color, ecru, while the bridegroom was dressed in the conventional suit appropriate on such occasions. A brief bridal inaugurated the happy union. May the singing of the robins and the breath of June be to them a sacred hymnal as they take life's journey together, alike a blessing to them in prosperity or adversity.

June 11, 1904 Wedded 25 Years.

Representative and Mrs. Arthur H. Gardner of Nantucket observed the 25th anniversary of their wedding last evening at 33 Fairview street, Roslindale, where Mr. Gardner makes his home while attending the sessions of the legislature.

It was an informal affair, members of the family and close friends dropping in during the evening to extend congratulations. Many beautiful gifts were received from friends in Roslindale, Nantucket and elsewhere. Refreshments were served.

Among those present were Miss Grace Gardner, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gardner, a school teacher at New Bedford; Dr. and Mrs. George H. Gardner, of Everett, Mrs. Sarah M. Chadwick of Nantucket, mother of Mrs. Gardner, Alonzo Coffin of San Francisco, Miss L. G. Coffin of Chelsea, Mrs. Robert Simpson and Horace Simpson of Chelsea, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Gates and Miss Eva s of Roslindale, Representative

HYMENEAL.-Last Monday evening, Mr. Mrs. Hinckley of Vineyard Haven,

Mr. and Mrs. Gardner lave peen residents of Nantucket all their lives. The former was born in San Francisco while his mother was accompanying her husband, Captain William B. Gardner, a merchantman captain, on a voyage in 1854. His mother returned to Nantucket and he has resided there since. On June 2, 1879, he married Miss Mary M. Brown of Nantucket. Rev. Howard A. Hanaford performinng the ceremony at the North Congregational church.

Since reaching his majority Mr. Gardner has been prominent in the affairs of the town and has held almost every office in the gift of his fellow citizens. He is chairman of the school committee, of which he has been a member for 23 years, and is serving his seventh term as representative to the general court. He was a member of the legislature in '91, '92, '00, '01, '02, '03 and '04.

While attending the sessions of the egislature Representative Gardner as made his home in Roslindale, where he has become very popular .-



Many (Brown) Gardner Confront Anthur Hinton Gardner Steps at Grace Brown Gardner \$3 Milh St.

19 Death of Mrs. Gardner.

Our readers, both far and near, will regret to learn of the death of Mrs. Mary Macy Gardner, widow of Arthur H. Gardner, who has been in failing health for several months. Death came on Thursday of this week.

Mrs. Gardner was a woman admired and respected by all. She had served the town as collector of taxes and had served well. As the first woman collector in the state she gained considerable notoriety, but she cared naught for that; it was in doing her task well that she took pride.

She assumed the responsibilites of the position after the death of her husband and worked early and late in fulfilling the duties of the office. She was conscientious and particular

every detail and was held in the highest regard by every town official and by all of the tax-payers with whom she came in contact.

Mrs. Gardner was a historian. She delighted to delve into Nantucket history and traditions. She was also a student of genealogy and was frequently called upon to trace family history, having a large amount of material at hand for her research work.

Mrs. Gardner is survived by a daughter, Miss Grace Brown Gardner, an instructor at the Framingham Normal School, who has been with her mother constantly through her last illness. 72 415, Hin, 13a

Compliments Mrs. Gardner.

Mrs. Mary M. Gardner, who has tendered her resignation as Collector of Taxes because of ill health, after most efficient service to the town, has received a letter from Henry F. Long, the Tax Commissioner of the State of Massachusetts, which shows that he, too, appreciates what Mrs. Gardner has done in fulfilling the duties of her position. His letter reads:

State House, Boston. July 22, 1927.

Mrs. Mary M. Gardner, Nantucket, Mass. My Dear Mrs. Gardner:

I am very sorry to learn of your illness, and that, because of your illness, you were obliged to resign the office you have so well filled in Nan-tucket. I am not sure that your neighbors appreciate the good work

that you have done.

In comparison with the other cities and towns of the Commonwealth, your success has been most pronounced. I wish that we had collectors in every one of the 355 cities and towns in Massachusetts who reached the same point of efficiency in the collection of taxes that has been your annual rec-

I know that you will always carry with you the thought of work well and efficiently done. There is no overestimating the advantage to the public that efficient conduct of a public office accomplishes. You have set a mark which I hope will always be a standard in Nantucket.

With best personal regards, I am Cordially yours,

Henry C. Long, Commissioner.



MRS. MARY MACY (BROWN) GARDNER Treasurer of the Nantucket Historical Association. Born March 29, 1855.

MRS. MARY MACY (BROWN) GARDNER.

Our members, both far and near, will regret to learn of the death of Mrs. Mary Macy Gardner, widow of Arthur H. Gardner.

Mrs. Gardner was elected Treasurer of the Nantucket Historical Association in 1922, serving most acceptably in that capacity until her death on August 11th, 1927.

She was a woman admired and respected by She had served the town as collector of taxes and had served well. As the first woman collector in the state she gained considerable notoriety, but it was in doing her task well that she took pride.

Mrs. Gardner was a historian, delighting to delve into Nantucket history and traditions. She was also a student of genealogy and was frequently called upon to trace family lines, having a large amount of material at hand for her research work.

At a recent meeting of the Council of the Nantucket Historical Association it was voted that the following resolutions be adopted:

Whereas by the death of Mrs. Mary M. Gardner, the Nantucket Historical Association has suffered the loss of an able official, therefore be it

Resolved: That the Council herewith expresses not only its appreciation of the faithful services of Mrs. Gardner during the years in which she has held the office of Treasurer of the Association, but also its recognition of her loyal and unfailing support in all the work undertaken by the Association or relating to its welfare.

Resolved: That the Council in the name of the Association, extend to Miss Grace Brown Gardner its sympathy in her sorrow at the loss of a devoted mother.

Resolved: That the above resolutions be spread upon the records of the Association, that a copy thereof be sent to Miss Grace Brown Gardner, and the same be published in the next issue of The Inquirer and Mirror.

OBITUARY

and Mary M. Gardner, was taken by the mysterious hand of death, on Monday evening last, and led from his suffering physical fate to a restful sphere. Death is not the enemy but the friend Collector of Taxes Thereand certain heir of all mankind. No one can affirm that death is not a greater blessing than life, but in the common mold patriarch and child mingle together in silent rest. The stone rolled against the gates of the sepulchre tells us of the termination of a life in this world. Every white casket suggests a translated life. We may indulge no tears for the future of a young spirit that has fulfilled its mission, resting in the calm and still embrace of the shadowy angel. Every grave must have its grief. Every parting with the loved of Earth its pang of sorrow. Grief and sorrow are no assuaged with words of pathos nor by the flow of tears. Ralph Gardner was a promising child. He was a bright scholar and a good boy. A bereaved family mourn his departure. His place in the household can never be filled. Time alone can lift the burden of the funeral hour, and until the lessening needs and duties of each day shall make his little grave a place of peaceful joy to those who mourn his absence. May the love which binds other hearts in pure affection, and consolations which bring hope to other lacerated lives afford such healing balm to the afflicted greater blessing than life, but in the common mold patriarch and child bring hope to other lacerated lives afford such healing balm to the afflicted parents and bereft sister of little Ralph that the clouds of fate may be dispelled, and their loss counted as his gain.

Died August 11, 1927.

I will believe that, though unseen and voiceless
Thy blessed presence is about me still;
That Thou over every step of mine rejoicest
That leads me onward to the heavenly hill.

My spirit-love! my seraph-guardian! ever Hover around my dark and lonely way; Though the thick yell of flesh and sinse may

My soul from Thine for many a weary day.

If Thou may'st never hend in brightness o'er

While in its house of clay me spirit dwells, Help me to tread the path that hes before me, And reach the world where there are no fare-wells.

RALPH GARDNER, SON OF Arthur H.ARTHUR H. GARDNER

Made Record in Office

Special Dispatch to the Globe

Massachusetts Society Mavslower Descendants

Mrs. Arthur H. Gardner is entitled to all privileges of the Society for the year ending 31 December, 1926

George Ernest Bowman

State

Secretary

THE GATE POST

STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE, FRAMINGHAM, MASS., MAY 23, 1941



MISS GRACE BROWN GARDNER

Nantucket Beckons!

At the end of the academic year in June, after twenty-three years of service, Miss Grace Brown Gardner will retire from the faculty of the college.

In 1918 Miss Gardner came to Framingham as Dr. Meier's assistant in the science department. Members of the college from 1918-1937 will associate her with Room 30 in May Hall, the room directly at the right of the Assembly Hall, whose sunny southern windows were always green with plants, whose board was always filled with an appropriate and interesting nature chart, and whose cabinets were always orderly. Present day students will recognize these same attractive bulletin boards, and orderly and interesting cabinets in Room 4 in Dwight Hall.

Miss Gardner is one of the "old guard" at Framingham; that is, she is herself a graduate of a normal school, a teacher for several years in the grades and later in a high school, and eventually a college woman. Born on the Island of Nantucket, she received her elementary and secondary education in its schools, except for seven years when her father was a representative from Nantucket to the Massachusetts legislature, and when she attended the Charles Sumner School in Roslindale. Later she graduated with the Class of 1901 from the Bridgewater Normal School. After several years of teaching, her interest in botany led her to study at Cornell University, where she obtained the A.B. degree in 1914, and at Brown University, where she received her A.M. in 1915.

Miss Gardner's early teaching experience gave her the basic point of view for one of her unique contributions to students in her methods course in the Elementary Department—the practical method of teaching science in the elementary schools. Her earliest teaching occurred in an ungraded school in Siasconset on the Island of Nantucket, during an interim in her study at Bridgewater Normal School caused by her father's illness.

She had gone home to Nantucket to assist her father in the publication of the paper of which he was editor; his illness had subsequently occasioned the sale of the paper, and freed her to do substitute work in the Siasconset School. After graduation from Bridgewater she taught for thirteen years in the primary schools of New Bedford, during seven of which she was a teacher in the New Bedford Training School.

After Miss Gardner's early education had been supplemented by university study, she taught science, from 1915 to 1918, in the B. M. C. Durfee High School in Fall River.

Among the many tangible evidences of Miss Gardner's interest in the practical teaching of science are the early morning bird walks, which she and students took each spring. For the first time more than one student must have heard the song and caught a glimpse of the meadow lark, the song sparrow, the red-breasted grosbeak, the pine warbler, and other birds common here in Framingham. Then, too, the study of the trees on the campus carried on in her classes, valuable in itself, led to most practical results after the damage caused by the hurricane. Records kept by these classes furnished concrete proof of the extent of this damage.

Miss Gardner's work in the teaching of science extended from her own class room into the Jonathan Maynard School. Here at one time she aided a group of boys in forming a Science Club, where anything that interested the boys from flowers to a duckhawk was discussed.

In Miss Gardner's Nantucket home an herbarium of over 1200 specimens of Nantucket plants, which she has collected and assembled, attests to her assiduous interest in botany. She has also published several articles on the Botany of Nantucket. She is a member of the New England Biological Society and of the National Association of Biology Teachers.

As much as the faculty and student body will miss Miss Gardner's participation in their academic and social activities, they cannot help but appreciate that her longing to spend "whole winters in Nantucket" after years of absence deserves to be gratified. They know, as much as she will miss them, that she will be happy. She is an inveterate reader of fine books; she has a never-ending source of pleasure in looking at and adding to her stamp colllection; she has innumerable friends in Nantucket. In response to an inquiry as to what she plans to do on retiring, with characteristically dry humor and without a smile, she said, "I shall never give any more grades the rest of my life. . . . I think I shall cultivate my garden-and my figure."

In all her varied activities in the leisurely days to come Miss Gardner's Framingham friends wish her true happiness.

Miss Grace B. Gardner, of Nantucket, is one of the directors of the recently organized Massachusetts Teaches' Federation, formed for the purpose of promoting the interests of school teachers in Massachusetts, and particularly for bringing about the adoption of a proper teachers' pension bill.



Token on Graces 17th Birth Lay (1899)



Grace "nd Rose Hubbard in Ritchen at #33 Milk ST.

Injured in Motor Accident in France.

The cable brought word Thursday afternoon of the serious injury of Mrs. Edith G. Clark and Miss Grace Brown Gardner in an automobile accident near Nice, France. Details were meagre, but stated that Mrs. Clark was the more severely injured, suffering a fractured skull as well as other injuries.

The ladies went to Europe a few weeks ago to make an educational tour during the summer months and anticipated a pleasant vacation.

Mrs. Clark is the daughter of the Fate George H. Gardner of Nantucket, and is the widow of Eugene L. Clark. She has two sons-Donald S. and Elliot G. Clark-who reside in Ashland, Mass. She also has a sister Alice, who is the wife of Frank Mur-

Miss Gardner is the daughter of the late Arthur H. and Mary M. Gardner. She is instructor in botany at the Framingham Normal School.

Friends and relatives of the ladies are awaiting further news regarding the accident with a great deal of concern. July 6,1939

THE NEW BEDFORD SUNDAY STANDARD-TIMES . FEBRUARY 24, 1957

NANTUCKET WOMEN

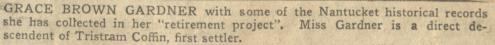


writer once more

return a most Nantucket.

Went dos

Grace Brown Gardner comes from a long line of Nantucketers; from the very earliest of Nantucket's history, one will find the Gardners taking an active part in community affairs. She grew up on the island, and enjoyed a wonderful and interesting childhood. Many Summers were spent at Quidnet, next to the shores of Sasachacho Pond and only a stone's throw from the open ocean. As a child, she collected a wealth of knowledge on the flora and fauna of the island. Her father took an active part in the town government and she was often an able assistant in time of need. Reluctantly, Grace Gardner left the island, but at the same time, began to study for her chosen profession, that of teaching. She never ceased seeking knowledge, and by the time she was elected a professor at the Framingham State Teachers' College, she was well prepared to train young girls for the teaching profession. A few years ago, she retired, and returned to the scenes of her child-hood, and the family homestead. Her home is furnished much as it was in the middle 1800's. Miss Gardner didn't seek retirement in a chair by the window, watching the rest of the world go by. She has taken a vital interest in the life of the community. Her wealth of knowledge on island history and folklore is readily shared with those who beat a pathway to her door. During the past few years, Miss Gardner has catalogued clippings on all subjects, from old island newspapers. It is an invaluable piece of work and will be given to the Nantucket Historical Association for those interested in research on Nantucket.



Grace Brown Gardner, a direct descendent of first settler Tristram Coffin and owner of one of four Island homes "that has never been sold" chuckles over Daniel Webster's visit to Nantucket.

"Webster demanded \$1000 to come to the Island to try an important case. The Nantucketer who hired him agreed, if D. W. would try any other cases, at no extra charge. When D. W. left Nantucket he had earned \$1500 and the seafaring husband. Miss Gardner's daily diary of her voyage to the Pacific with her seafaring husband. Miss Gardner shared this diary with the Seattle Historical Society which used it to make changes which used it to make changes in their records.

NB. The baby in the scrap-book
15 Ralph Warren Porter, a
cousin of Grace Brown Gardner



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THE NEW BEDFORD SUNDAY STAND

NANTUCKET



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MONDAY SEPTEMBER 15, 1941

So many people have asked me what I find to do now that the season is over that I have decided to get in touch with my type-writer once more and answer that question at the same time.

Arose at six Usual morning procedure, omitting breakfast Wrote three letters

Knitted on a sock
Called on one of my winter neighbors, Mrs. Shurrocks, to
return a most delightful book, privately printed by her aunt
who was one of the rich Philadelphia Quakers. The book gives
charming descriptions of an old-time Quaker childhood in
Nantucket.

Prepared dinner as follows:

Cold Ham
Sweet Potatoes Squash Cucumbers
Pickled Beets
Beach Plum Jelly
Cut-up Tomatoes with Sugar
Iced Coffee

Washed the dishes
Assisted (?) plumbers in standing radiators in their appointed places a la blue prints

Went down town and did the following errands:

Library cards for cataloging my Nantucket books

Heavy manila envelopes in which to send interior

views of my house to Mrs Graves for use

in a historical lecture in Seattle

Mailed the above by registered mail

Passed in two pairs of socks at the British Relief

and got more yarn

Had the jeweller mend the chain of my Oxford

glasses

Had two new batterys put in my flashlight

Called at the home of our local editor for a chat with

Miss Ray, his aunt, a retired New Bedford teacher

Went to the Roberts House for supper

Quahog Chowder
Crackers
Fried Plaice Fish
Baked Potatoes Beets
Cloverleaf Rolls
Vanilla Ice Gream with Chocolate
Sauce
Nut Cake

Chocolate with
Whipped Cream
Played contract at the home of a retired private secretary of Stone & Webster until ten-thirty
Had refreshments

Taxi home. Bed

NB. The baby in the scrap-book is Ralph Warren Porter, a cousin of Grace Brown Gardner

Friendly Afternoon Group Heard Miss Grace Brown Gardner.

A capacity audience attended the recent Neighbors "Friendly Afternoon with Old Nantucket," in order to hear Miss Grace Brown Gardner give an account or "A Voyage from Nantucket 'Round the Horn to California and the West Coast in 1852, as Described in a Journal kept by the Captain's Wife, who was the First White Woman to visit parts of the Washington and Oregon Territories."

The captain's wife, Mrs. Charlotte Coffin Gardner, grandmother of Miss Grace Brown Gardner, decided to make the voyage in rather a casual manner—but typical of the courage and faith of the Nantucket women of this period. While visiting the ship Sarah Parker with her husband and the skipper, Captain William Bunker Gardner, as the craft lay in Nantucket harbor one afternoon, ready for its voyage to San Francisco the next morning, Mrs. Gardner was invited to make the trip.

After deliberating a few minutes, Grandmother Gardner decided to go; she had her 7-year-old son, George Henry, excused from school, and spent the rest of the afternoon getting ready for a three-year-voyage. The evening was spent in making farewell calls on her friends.

The trip down the East coast was more or less uneventful. Food and laundry occupied Grandmother's attention to a large extent (how history repeats itself). Little George Henry was having the time of his life; he played happily on the deck, fished off the stern of the vessel, or sewed on the sails with a "palm" and a needle made for him by the sailors. Of course, bad weather was encountered, but no damage was sustained.

Trouble started as they began the hazardous trip around the Horn. Cold' weather set in, accompanied by fog, and gigantic seas raked the ship from stem to stern. The steward fell from the rigging, being finally hauled aboard. The end of six weeks of heavy weather, adverse winds and currents, found the ship and men in a bad' condition, with scurvey beginning to show itself in the crew.

On November 28, the Sarah Parker finally rounded the Horn, with better days ahead as they went up the coast of South America, soon to feast themselves with strawberries and green peas. Grandmother found much to interest her in the customs and dress of the natives.

The ship was put in shape for her cruise north to San Francisco, where she anchored on January 30. Grandmother noted few women and children in the streets, but many men. She thought food prices to be very high, as, of course, they were at that time. Cargo was discharged and the ship auctioned off.

A new crew was signed up and the Sarah Parker sailed for Puget Sound, with stormy weather following her. Seattle, then called New York, but known also by the Indian name of Alki, was reached. Here many Indians were met, much to the delight of George Henry. Good food was enjoyed also—fruit, wild pigeons and fresh salmon. Strange sights were seen, which included that of a young child having his head flattened in the Indian custom.

The Sarah Parker made several trips from San Francisco, but before leng, a house on shore was hired, and George Henry was enrolled in school. Soon Grandmother entered the following terse statement in her journal-"On August 4, little Arthur was born." The baby Arthur grew up to become the late Arthur H. Gardner, father of Miss Gardner. He became an outstanding citizen of Nantucket, numbering among his accomplishments the editorship of the Nantucket Journal, selectman, town treasurer, representative to the General Court, and numerous offices of public trust.

On December 6, 1854, the ship put out for home. She stopped at Pitcairn for stores; a waterspout was sighted, but the voyage back was generally pleasant. A final entry appears in the journal: "On May 10, George Henry, Arthur, and myself landed at Nantucket."

The criginal journal was presented to the Seattle Historical Association some time ago, a document that is considered of great historical interest and value.

The interest of Miss Gardner's delightful talk was heightened by her introduction of several exhibits. These included: the chart of the voyage to and from Nantucket; the sewing case presented Grandmother Gardner by the crew; steel engravings of her grandparents; the palm presented by the sailors to George Henry; and the school medal presented to Grandmother when she was fourteen years of age.

The Neighbors thank Miss Grace Brown Gardner for her valuable contribution to the success of the current series of the Friendly Afternoons with Old Nantucket.

Tomorrow — Friday, the 27th — will be the 90th birthday of Miss Grace Brown Gardner, who is currently a patient at the Nantucket Cottage Hospital. 1970

Sunday Feb 27 1972 Grace Brown Gandner celebrated her 92: birthday in her heapit room. Among hen ques was a cousin Gentrude Pratt "Matriend Clana Barton who cametron Bridgewater, Mass." help her celebrate.



MISS GARDNER AMID HER SCRAP BOOKS.

My Scrap Books

An Ever-Growing Collection of Historical Data

BY GRACE BROWN GARDNER

In 1941 I retired from my life-work of teaching and came back to live in the old family home in Nantucket. The house was built in 1820 and is one of four of the older houses remaining on the island which have never been sold and which are still occupied by descendants of the original owners.



90 94 91st. Birthda Groce Brown Gardner



(A retative)

Roland Bunker Hussey, for many years editor and publisher of *The Inquirer and Mirror*, was a summer resident of 'Sconset for most of his years of retirement. He was an "amateur inventor," (as he liked to term it), and among his applications to 'Sconset life was his "portable hen coop," which he demonstrated as above. The old photograph was loaned by Eleanor Buckingham of "Buckingham Palace, 'Sconset." June 20, 1968



Benjamin's Daughters the his gnond children - I hemvel Snepherd 2 Fdith shepherd to 3 Vinginia Snepherd

NB. Lemvel Shepherd was made a General - head of the "Manines" by President Eisenhauer



all abound for Scouset!

Benj. Cartwright his daughters, Aunt Agnes (Mye) Bettridge Vinginia Edith, Lemuel Shepherd Gertnude (Ponter) Pnath (white dress) Miss L. G. Coffin.

Sister of Charles W. Coffin and Daughter of Capt. Somuel C. Coftin

Agnes & Bettridge.

Daughter of Lydia D (Nge) Bettnidge who kept a stone (Notions) on Nantucket.

事品, 如意.

Grand-daughter of Capt Samuel Coffin Married John Chipman Porter



Outing at Quidnet.

Mrs. Elliot M. Brown entertained the Skwiporz at Wawpawdongo, Quidnet, on Friday last. On their arrival the guests sat down to a delicious clam chowder, to which they did ample justice. The time was spent in playing whist and hunting for Indian arrow heads, in which that region is said to abound, and some fine specimens were found. A bountiful supply of ice cream, cake and fruit was served, after which the company left for town having had a most delightful outing.

The Men Folks Helped Celebrate.

The Skwiporz whist club celebrated Christmas with a tree at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur H. Gardner, on Milk street, last Saturday evening. A great surprise was in store for the ladies when they entered the parlor at the time appointed for the distribution of the presents, for they saw their husbands (who had not been invited) all standing there with smiling faces, and dressed in their best clothes and boiled shirts, which they had sneaked out of the bureau drawers unbeknown to their 'better halves.''

The tree, one of the handsomest from Miacomet, presented a beautiful appearance, well laden with gifts both useful and ornamental, and some "just for a joke." An original poem by Miss Grace B. Gardner, plainly depicting characteristic traits of each member of the club, and affording much merriment, was read by Mrs. Helen Appleton. Refreshments were served, and it was early Sunday morning when the company dispersed.

residence at the Cottage Hospital on Nantucket. She is an avid reader. Before moving into the Cottage Hospital, where she is able to be up almost every day, she compiled about forty scrap books on Nantucket, composed of clippings from the local newspaper and arranged by subjects. She qualifies as the leading authority on Nantucket history. She keeps in touch with many Framingham people and they are faithful in writing to her. This lovely lady has just celebrated her ninety-second birthday!

Mrs. Arthur E. Pratt, of Bridgewater, Mass., is spending the summer at 33 Milk Street. 1972



Ads" for sale of #33 Milkst.

LK STREET. Outstanding example of Nanket architecture. Built in 1820, this fine old ne has always remained in the original family. tured in Duprey's "Old Houses on Nantucket".



Special Spring Values

Historic Houses

TOWN — Unspoiled 1820 Coffin house. In owner's family for generations. A truly special house with large yard. Just available.

GRACE BROWN GARDNER HOUSE at lk Street; situated on a very large lot; and; offered unfurnished.

"Man. 24,1473" "Laundry Rose Cetate"

dsome historic home on Milk Street; lge.
g rooms, original fireplaces, central heat
great charm plus a generous lawn area.
asking \$100,000.

Commonwealth
Of Massachusetts
Nantucket, ss
PROBATE COURT

To all persons interested in the estate of Effie L. Pond late of Nantucket in said County deceased.

A petition has been presented to said Court for probate of a certain instrument purporting to be the last will of said deceased by James K. Glidden of Nantucket in the County of Nantucket praying that he be appointed executor thereof without giving a surety on his bond.

If you desire to object thereto you or your attorney should file a written appearance in said Court at Nantucket before nine o'clock in the forenoon on the eleventh day of April 1974, the return day of this citation.

Witness, Jeremiah J. Sullivan, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this fifth day of March 1974.

Irene M. Smith, Register 3-14-3t

Effic Pond passed

away on

1974



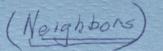


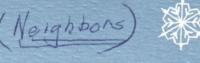
May yours be the Merriest! Patrick and Delia Harris











. . Grace Brown Gardner is in residence at the Cottage Hospital on Nantucket. She is an avid reader. Before moving into the Cottage Hospital, where she is able to be up almost every day; she compiled about forty scrap books on Nantucket, composed of clippings from the local newspaper and arranged by subjects. She qualifies as the leading authority on Nantucket history. She keeps in touch with many Framingham people and they are faithful in writing to her. This lovely lady has just celebrated her ninety-second birthday!

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THE GRACE BROWN GARDNER HOUSE at 33 Milk Street; situated on a very large lot; and is being offered unfurnished. "Laumby Roll Cetate"

3. Handsome historic home on Milk Street; Ige. mar. 29,1973 living rooms, original fireplaces, central heat and great charm plus a generous lawn area. asking \$100,000.

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1974

#2 Copper Lane (Before renovation) Formerly #2 West Silver St.



A little house on Copper Lane, built in 1796; has been beautifully restored and decorated, is very well arranged and a delight to live with. On the first floor there is a living room with hand-hewn beams and corner posts, fireplace; a small, most attractive dining room opening into a brick terrace; kitchen with dryer, washer, dishwasher, electric range and frost-free refrigerator. There is also a sleeping room with fireplace, bath with tub and shower. On the second floor there is a sleeping room with fireplace and large dressing room and bath with fireplace. The whole house is delightful. \$55,000.



Afternenovation







A little house on Copper Lane, built in 1796; has been beautifully restored and decorated, is very well arranged and a delight to live with. On the first floor there is a living room with hand-hewn beams and corner posts, fireplace; a small, most attractive dining room opening into a brick terrace; kitchen with dryer, washer, dishwasher, electric range and frost-free refrigerator. There is also a sleeping room with fireplace, bath with tub and shower. On the second floor there is a sleeping room with fireplace and large dressing room and bath with fireplace. The whole house is delightful.





Here we are at the hospital, thinking of you and sending our love and best withers for a happy Christman. The island is aheady bright with Christman decorations; lighted trees up and down main Street and weether on

Have a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

: GBG+Christine + Florence

Christmas Cards from The Hanny Tonners - Hogoiner and Minrar



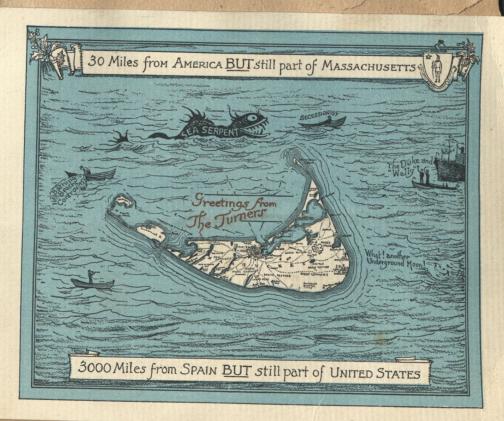


Mr. and Mrs. Harry B. Turner
3 Chestnut Street









LOVING GREETINGS

1973

Christmas Greetings

1972



Dear Friends: Gertrudo

With full hearts, we once more send greetings to our friends for the holiday season.

This year we have in mind particularly our gratitude to God for the many years of loving companionship with Florence, who passed away on the 22nd of August at the age of 78. George and Florence had just celebrated their 48th wedding anniversary. Until the very end, Florence was active and interested in both events and people. Her death came quickly in the Nantucket Hospital, following a heart attack. Although her going was a great shock for us, she went as she would have wished.

This photograph of George and Florence was taken in July 1973.

Roberta had a good sabbatical year in Finland, returning in the middle of June in time to be with her mother for a month's visit before returning to Richmond, Indiana. After her mother's death, she spent two weeks with her father in Nantucket. She is now, once again, teaching full time as chairman of the Political Science Department at Earlham College.

In early July George had surgery done at Cape Cod Hospital, which turned out to be less serious than we feared. He has recovered well, and has appreciated visits from members of his family, Ruth and Archie Seller of Oklahoma



and Helen Veeder of Kansas. He is planning at least for the present to stay in his own home in Nantucket, and to concentrate during this winter on finishing his manuscript on the history of Quakerism in the Boston area.

In these times when the world is so troubled, we are particularly glad for the gifts of friendship. May we know and cherish one another in the spirit of God, which is eternal.

George A. Selleck
Roberta G. Selleck

17 Prospect St. Nantucket, Mass., 02554 809½ College Ave. Richmond, Indiana, 47374

Thanksgiving, 1973

Christmas Creetings

1972



Christmas 1972

Dear Friends:

LO Gi Christmas again and we are still living on the island. George is busy completing his history of Boston Quakers, and Florence is occupied with household duties. We are both beginning to feel the ravages of age and time, but in general we are well.

Roberta is enjoying a sabbatical year in Finland, and will be there until late next spring.

Our little Quaker Meeting meets each Sunday, and is an inspiration and joy.

Best wishes for a happy Christmas from your friends

George and Florence Selleck

17 Prospect Street Nantucket, Mass. 02554



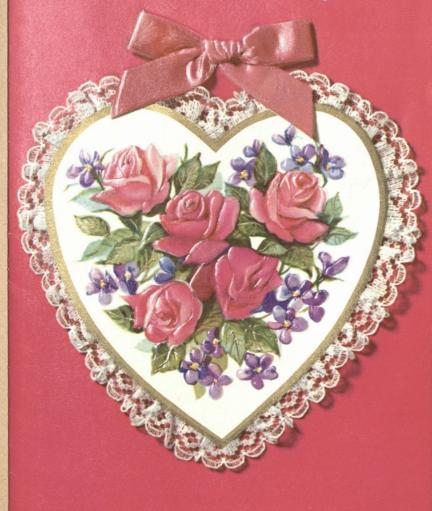
George & Florence Aelleck

1-110





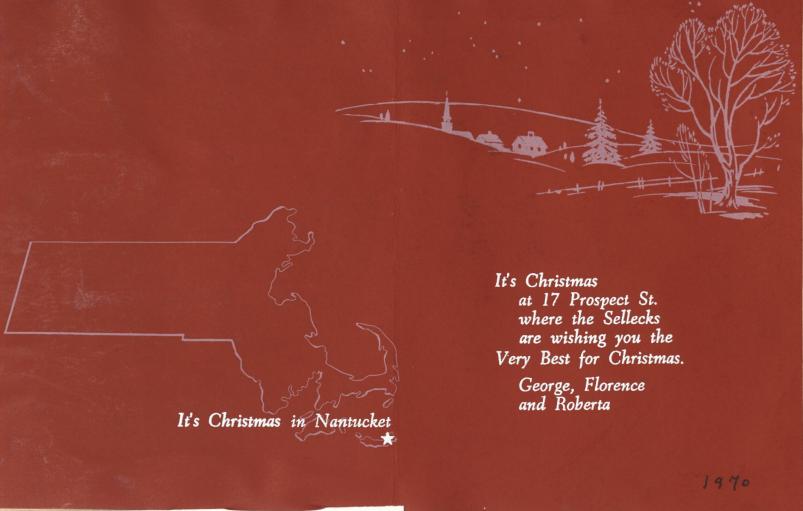
Our Valentine for You



When VICTORY comes and the Lights go on again all over the World

NANTUCKET
will ever shine
forth with its spirit
of friendliness
to man-kind

CHRISTMAS 1969



Feb 14, 1970



OWe think of you,
and whenever we do
It's in the warmest way
And that is true especially
At times like Valentine's Day
And this message we are sending
Is one that only starts
Jo tell you how much
we think of you
And your place within our hearts
with one.

Grace

and

Florence

When VICTORY comes
and the Lights
go on again
all over
the World

NANTUCKET

will ever shine
forth with its spirit
of friendliness
to man-kind

CHRISTMAS 1969

It's Christmas in Nantucket

It's Christmas
at 17 Prospect St.
where the Sellecks
are wishing you the
Very Best for Christmas.
George, Florence
and Roberta

1970

Our Valentine for You

The Inquiter will continue
to seek all that is best
for the future of
Nantucket and in
The Mirror
reflect the
Island's
glorious
past

Greetings from The Turners

Law Notices.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts. NANTUCKET, SS. PROBATE COURT. 1886

To the Next of Kin, and all Persons interested in the Estate of Agnes E. Bettridge, of Nantucket, in said County, minor, greeting:

WHEREAS, Samuel C. Coffin, the Guardian of said minor, has presented his petition for license to sell certain real estate therein specified, of his said ward for maintenance.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be holden at Nantucket, in said County, on the thirteenth day of May next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said Guardian is ordered to serve this Citation by publishing the same once a week in the Inquirer and Mirror, a newspaper printed at Nantucket, three weeks successively, the last publication to be two days at least before said Court.

Witness, THADDEUS C. DEFRIEZ, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twenty-second day of April, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-six.

SAMUEL SWAIN, Register.

SAMUEL SWAIN, Register.

Samuel C. Coffin Was Whaling Capt. Picture in Whaling Museum Nantucket ho Log Book with Tiller of ship "Lima" on exhibit there

CLAN COFFIN.



Benefit of the Memorial Fund.

The Life of Tristram Coffyn -- Photographs of ye ancient family of Portledge -- Hector Coffin Coat of Arms.

Under the auspices of the Executive Committee of the Tristram Coffin Reunion Association, has been compiled a life of Tristram Coffyn, together with reminiscences and anecdotes of some of his numer-ous descendants, and some historical information concerning the ancient families named Coffyn. Price, \$1.

eoneerning the ancient families named Coffyn. Price, \$1.

Photographs of eight ancient oil portraits of different members of the Coffin family of Portledge, in North Devon, England, the originals of which were mostly executed in the sixteenth century, are also for sale. Price for the set, \$1.50.

Also, the Coffin Coat of Arms, printed from the identical copper plate used by Captain Hector Coffin in his lifetime, which is a fine specimen of copperplate engraving, and answers in general description to the Coat of Arms granted Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin, Bart, in 1804. Price, 15 cents.

The above can be obtained of Miss Amelia Coffin, who is a member of the Executive Committee, at her store on Lower Pearl street, and also at the office of the secretary. The proceeds to be devoted to the Tristram Coffin Memorial Fund.

ALLEN COFFIN,

jy2

1881

G. H. GARDNER, M. D.,

GRADUATE OF 1896

CHICAGO HOMEOPATHIC MEDICAL COLLEGE, CHICAGO, ILL.

OFFICE, - - MAIN STREET, NEXT WEST OF PACIFIC BANK,

5 e burg or Obituary. ingues the

Dr. George H. Gardner, formerly of this town, died suddenly at his home in Brooklyn, N. Y., on the 18th inst. Dr. Gardner was born in Nantucket, October 10, 1844. Three years of his boyhood were spent in California, where he accompanied his parents in a voyage "Around the Horn' in the early fifties. Returning home in 1855, he completed his education in the public schools and subsequently learned and engaged in the photograph business, which he followed for a number of years.

Deciding later to take up the study of medicine, he entered the Chicago Homoeopathic Institute, from which he graduated in 1884. He began practice in Baltimore, Md., but subsequently came North and settled in Nantucket, where he followed his profession for a number of years, during several of which he served as town physician. Some ten years ago he removed to Everett, Mass., where he continued to practice until his removal to Brooklyn, about three years

He had been gradually failing in health for some time, but was around as usual the day before his death. He leaves a widow, and one brother, Arthur H. Gardner, of this town. His remains were brought here Monday for interment.



Grace Brewn Gardner Gertnude Al Ponter Pratt Edith M. Coffin Porter Chas. M. Coffins Barn in Middleboro.

JOHN PASCUCCI

Was Prominent Resident in Coburnville District For 35 Years

John Pascucci, 63, of 54 Bridges street, prominent Coburnville resident and father of Reserve Police
Officer Salvatore Pascucci, died last
night at the Massachusetts General
hospital, after a short illness.
Mr. Pascucci was born in Naples,

taly, and had resided in Framing-ham 35 years. He was well known to many residents as a barber, but retired from active service several years ago.

Besides his son he is survived by three daughters, Mrs. Sally Conti, Mrs. Josephine Tennaro and Mrs. Rose Tredeau, all of Framingham; three granddaughters, and two grandsons grandsons

grandsons.

Prominent in the affairs of the Italian-American people in Coburnville, Mr. Pascucci was a member of the Columbus society, and Framingham aerie, 894. Fraternal Order of Eagles. Friends may pay their last respects at his late home, 54 Bridges street, Friday and Saturday aftermoon and evening.

The funeral will occur Sunday of

noon and evening.

The funeral will occur Sunday afternoon from his late home, at 2.30 o'clock, followed by prayers at St. Tarcisius' church at 3 o'clock. Interment will be in the family lot in St. Tarcisius' cemetery, with funeral arrangements in charge of Eugene



Beauty of the Copy of 9 mg 11 11 # 33 Milk ST. Since purchased by Mantyn Coffen

Ind nenovated by him. 1970-71.

Resold to Mrs. Kelley, owner of "Cockere Dove

Girt shop



Rose Hubbard Gentrude Pratt

'SCONSET



D you ever hear of 'Sconset, where there's nothing much but moors,

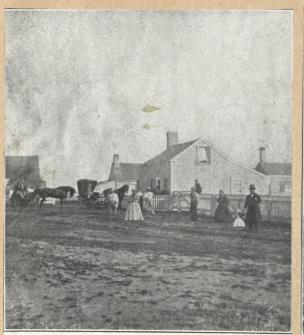
And beach and sea and silence and eternal out-of-doors,
Where the azure round of ocean meets the paler dome of day,
Where the sailing clouds of summer on the sea line melt

away,
And there's not an ounce of trouble
Anywhere?

Where the field larks in the morning will be crying at the door.
With the whisper of the moor-wind and the surf along the shore:
Where the little shingled houses down the little grassy street.
Are grey with salt of sea winds, and the strong sea air is sweet.
With the flowers in the dooryards; me for there!



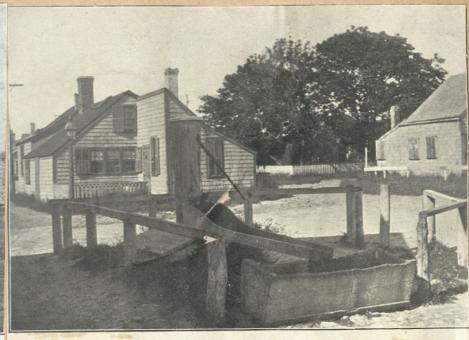








A 'Sconset Lane



OLD PUMP, SIASCONSET.



The Old Houses of Broadway, 'Sconset





"AULD LANG SYNE" ON BROADWAY IN SIASCONSET VILLAGE.

Photo by Dorothy Webster.

The illustration for October on the Inquirer and Mirror's calendar is of "Auld Lang Syne," on Broadway, in the village of Siasconset. This ancient structure has a tradition of being built in 1675, and this would give it the title of the oldest house on the island. It was for years owned by Capt. Edward C. Joy, and it is said that his grandson, Micah Coffin, used it as his fishing headquarters, employing Indians to do the actual fishing. The heirs of Coffin and Gorham Coleman owned it for years. In 1814 it was owned by Jonathan Upham. Its entire appearance is one of great age. The chimney is squat and heavy, and its floars are of varied levels. At one time the front door had three worn-out key holes.







The Siasconset Casino was completed in 1900, thus creating an important asset to the village and the island O wind of 'Sconset, fair and free, in summer activities.

'SCONSET. 1915

Some talk of the air of the hills, And some of that of the plain, But give me the air of 'Sconset dear, Which knows no wind-break far or near; It sweeps o'er seas three thousand wide To reach our moors, it's home again.

Some talk of the inland lakes, And some of the forest stream, But give me the main at 'Sconset dear In stormy mood, when breakers rear, Spit angry spume and churn the sand, While the wind and the sea-birds scream.

The monarch we own is the gale, But sway he will often resign, Then give me the calm of 'Sconset dear. His daughter rules by love, not fear, For she eases stress with a balmy breath, Then inspires with a kiss benign,

So, Hail to Sconset! Royal land; Your crown is green on a golden band; Your collar's of white-horses' teeth; Your tabard's the brown shoals beneath; Your watery mantle's sparkling blue, Or grey with fog, but ever new.

(Total III)

Wind of 'Sconset.

You're a royal buccaneer! You take full largess of the sea, You seize the sweets of the year.

The wild flowers scent your roving wing, You gather the birds' wild caroling. You brim with the life of the springing turf, And the strength you have won from the sound

O lawless wind of 'Sconset.

O wind of 'Sconset, you beguile The flowers with bold caress;

The grass blades gleam like the light of a smile, As their billowy tops you press. The buttercup sways 'neath your careless tread,

The lilac bends her stately head; The brown moors thrill to your breath of desire, As the low sun strikes thro' their hearts with

O wooing wind of 'Sconset!

O wind of 'Sconset, clear and strong, You are kingly in your power; You fill our hearts with the sweet of the song,

And the grace of the opening flower! You rouse us with breezes of vigorous zest, You lull us with murmurs of slumberous rest; You are winged with delight, and your seabreath pure

Makes life seem dearer, and love more sure; adrous wind of 'Sconset!



SIASCONSET



Down "Hair Pin Turn" to "Codfish Park"



Sankaty Head Golf Club.



Quidnet's Gate-way of Whale Ribs.



these photos for the Town Crier calendar.

the property of Louis Davidson Sr. off North Liberty Street. Mr. Davidson took

Photo courtesey Howard B. Gill. ly Bridge at 'Sconset early in this century.

Ruth Everitt Cable TV Program Director; live shows begin May 18

Nantucket Cablevision announced today the appointment of Ruth Everitt as Program Director for Channel Three on the Island, according to John Welch. With this appointment the presentation of regularly scheduled live programming from Channel 3 will begin on Friday, May 18, at a time to be announced.

Plans for future programming include a daily "What's Happening on Nantucket" to be presented each evening to inform visitors and local residents alike, as to recreational and entertainment activities offered on that particular day, as well as suggestions on "what to do" while visiting Nantucket. This information will be slanted for the summer visitor who may have never realized the scope of activities available on the Island.

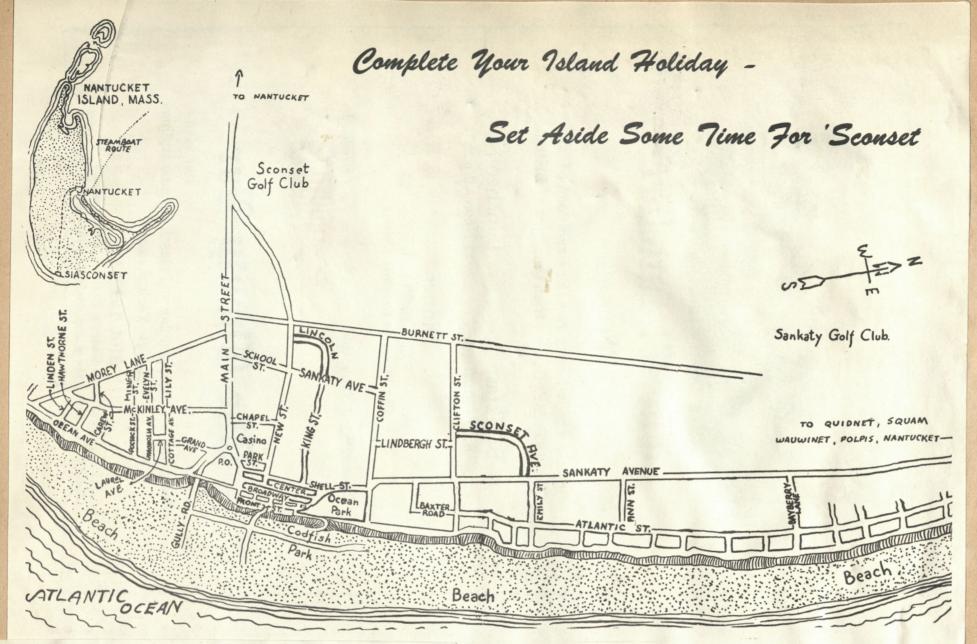
Interviews with visiting celebrities to the Island and panel discussions over controversial issues will be offered, education programming for drama and the arts, and timely subjects of interest from gardening to transcendental meditation.

Anyone interested in programming should telephone Ruth Everitt at 228-2008 to make arrangements for scheduling.

Cable vision for 'Sconset probable

The officers of The Siasconset Civic Association have been working for some time to bring Nantucket Cablevision Corp. service to the east end of the Island. In order for NCC to justify the economics of going so far out of town, it had to have a guarantee of 200 basic subscribers in Siasconset.

Thanks to a number of public spirited local and off island community members, the collateral promised to date toward the guarantee has been so promising, that NCC has been given the OK to proceed "full speed ahead". It is expected that an agreement will be signed within the next few days and Cable-TV could become a reality in 'Sconset by the end of June.





Rainwater, gathered in hogsheads placed under roof gutters, was sufficient for the needs of the fishermen. It did not, however, serve the needs of the families. In 1776, a collection was taken, and funds adequate for sinking a forty foot well were realized. Located in Pump Square, this well supplied the water needs of 'Sconset for more than a hundred years. Also, it leant its name to the only daily newspaper printed on Nantucket, "The 'Sconset Pump." The pump is not in use today, but the Square is a focal point of the village as many narrow roads converge there. as many narrow roads converge there.

3 Beach Pool



TWILIGHT AT SIASCONSET.

Across the turnpike darts the wary quail, The swallow circles sportively on high, And wrapt in dreams the misty pastures lie, While crickets chirp round mossy stone and rail.

Long strips of beryl through the distant trail, And with the rose and turquoise richly vie, Till all is sottly blurred from earth to sky, And deepening shadows o'er the landscape sail. Through the still twilight's dim and misty folds Pulses the plaintive wailing of the loon
On lonely moors with heather blowing free.
And o'er the sunset's lingering pinks and golds
The slim red sickle of the harvest-moon

Drops through night's starry silence to the

R. K. MUNKITTRICK. -Harper's Weekly Oct. 15, 1892.



SIASCONSET

'No Seats for the Mighty' Motto of Wharf Rat Club



The big days on the Wharf Rat's calendar are those on which the island steamer brings another 'rat" back to the island. As the steamer docks, the 'rats' on Old North Wharf fire three salutes from their little cannon and run up the signal: "Welcome, Rat!"



The fame of Nantucket's Wharf Rat Club, which is devoted to nothing more weighty than good companionship and good talk, has spread over a large part of the world during the past several decades, thanks to its unique burgeea pipe-smoking white rat ram-pant on a field of blue. This pennant has fluttered from proud mastheads in most of the world's chief ports-even unto Little America—as globe-trotting members carry it with them wherever they go. The Wharf Rats are at one and the same time one of the most democratic and most exclusive societies extant. You don't have to have a dime to be invited in, yet you couldn't buy your way in with \$1,000,000. Membership is by invitation only and anybody who has the time to spend a few hours per day on Nantucket's Old North Wharf is eligible.

First requisite, of course, is that you love Nantucket. Second, perhaps, that you appreciate a good "gam." The club was born in the salty atmosphere of this Old North Wharf store. Members refer to each other as "rats." "Rats" pictured here, left to right, Boston's retired City Clerk Wilfred J. Doyle, Commodore Herbert H. Coffin and playwright Austin Strong. Coffin and Strong are now deceased.





Here's a typical Wharf Rat Club session, just some relaxing conversation under ideal conditions on a beautiful

Fire razes Miacomet Golf Club

the Miacomet Golf Club early Monday morning completely destroying the onestory, wooden building.

The fire was discovered by Ralph Marble, owner of the property, located off Somerset Road, when he arose at 5:30 a.m. Marble telephoned an alarm to Central Fire spread around about the fire later in the Station after he happened to look out a window of his house some distance from the club house and saw a tongue of flame burst out of a window.

Fire Chief Irving T. Bartlett dispatched three fire trucks and a tank truck to the scene but by the time they arrived the fire had spread rapidly and the entire structure was ablaze. Fanned by a westerly breeze, the club house burned to the ground within a half an hour. The only thing left standing was the chimney.

There was no water supply in the immediate area and the fire apparatus had to be driven about a mile to the nearest hydrant to refill water tanks. The nearest hydrant was on the Hummock Pond Road in front of the John Topham house and some trucks made the trip to refill two or three times.

Foam was spread around the base of the burning building and this kept the fire from spreading through the grass. At one time first major fire of the year.

Flames roared through the club house at the flames reached either oil or rubber and sent up a dense black cloud of smoke that could be seen for miles.

Because of the early morning hour there were only a few townspeople who were awake and heard the alarm so there was no crush of cars in the area roads. As the word morning there was a continous run of cars through the day to the scene with people who were amazed to learn of the destruction of the club house.

Fire Chief Bartlett said the cause of the blaze was undetermined and he declined to estimate the amount of the loss. Mr. Marble said he had people in the club house up until 11 o'clock the previous evening and all day Sunday. He said he thought the fire could have been caused by the careless disposal of a cigarette.

Mr. Marble said the loss was considerable and he could not set a definite amount. He said he had stocked the club house with golfing goods to sell this summer and that recently a new heating system had been installed. There was no fire insurance on the building nor on its contents according to Mr. Marble. Unofficial estimates place the probable loss at between \$10,000 to \$15,000. If was the

Nantucket Sons and Daughters There's a dear little isle swept by 1928 Hold Annual Reunion.

tucketers and adopted Nantucketers assembled at the rooms of the Twentieth Century Club on Joy street, Boston, last Wednesday evening, for the annual Nantucket reunion. Many of those in attendance went up from the island to join their friends and acquaintances in this annual jollification, when the islanders get together to renew friendships and greet one another

There's a church on the hill with a bell that peals the hours bell that peals the hours A. Myrick, was next in order, his renew friendships and greet one another. new friendships and greet one another in a real Nantucket gathering.

The "Sons and Daughters of Nantucket" is an association that is unique in many respects. There is no other association like it and for more than three decades it has held these annual gatherings in Boston. Each I year the number in attendance has increased and interest in the association has not lagged, in spite of the fact that many of those who were instrumental in its organization away back A theme in my memory sings in 1894 and had worked hard and faithfully during the early years of its existence, have passed on. An attendance of 194 this year was very gratifying.

To many the most enjoyable part of the reunion is always the social hour, when the Nantucketers have their annual get-together meeting and greet friends and acquaintances many of whom they have not seen for a year and often years. The opening of the social hour is always set at 5:30 but each year there are some on hand a half-hour earlier just to be sure and not miss anyone. Much of the "hello" and "how-are-you" starts down in the cloak rooms, to be continued in the rooms above as one by one a new arrival is recognized and welcomed.

tury Club are not large enough for a identified during the crush of the crowd of nearly two hundred who social hour. want to move around a lot and many persons were grouped out in the hall, the president again rapped for order but there was just as much "get-to- and made a brief address of welcome gether" out there as in the parlors to the sons and daughters of Nanand everybody appeared to be having tucket and to "the poor off-islanders a good time and making the best of who are with us this evening", and the jam, with not a "wall-flower" anywhere.

At 6.30 o'clock came the call to go into the dining room and soon the party was seated around the tables, still chatting and continuing the social part of the evening as long as possible. Tied to the back of each chair was a string which held a colored balloon floating around in the air, making a very pretty effect.

When all were at their places, the president, Miss Agnes Bettridge, rapped with the historic whale-tooth gavel, and requested all to stand for a brief moment with bowed heads for the usual "silent blessing."

Then she asked the gathering to join in singing the following song, "Tis My Nantucket Home", written by Mrs. Lilian Bridgham to the tune of "My Grandfather's Clock."

One hundred and ninety-four Nan- It's flower sprinkled moors trod by 1927, which was, as usual, very ensquaw and by brave

dear.

sweet scented flowers

There's a tang in the air that wealth

could never buy

and clear.
will love, love, love it 'till I die,
'Tis my Old Nantucket Home ever dear.

As the bell in the steeple rings Ding dong, ding dong, Ding dong, ding dong, will love, love, love thee 'till I die,

My Old Nantucket Home ever dear. Miss Bettridge called attention to

the cards which were at each plate and requested that they be filled out at once, or while the supper was being served. The party then paid attention to the following menu:

Fruit Cup Fillet of Beef, Mushroom Gravy Franconia Potatoes Squash String Beans Celery and Olives Lettuce Salad, Russian Dressing Banana Fritters Macaroons and Orange Ice Cream Cake Coffee

The cards were collected, showing the total of 194 present, and the sec-There is no reception committee at retary, Miss Mildred Brooks, then one- for everybody takes it upon ing when his or her name was called. himself or herself to be a reception To many, this is one of the most encommittee of one and to wander tertaining features of the reunions; around and see who else there is to for it affords opportunity to recognize by name a person or persons who The parlors of the Twentieth Cen- looked familiar but could not be

At the conclusion of the roll call, who have become "one of us by adoption."

She then called attention to the attractive menu cards, each of which bore a piece of sea-moss gathered at Nantucket last summer. She asked that each person retain one of the cards for reason to be explained later in the evening.

Miss Bettridge referred briefly to the custom of having some little souvenir at each plate, stating that the executive committee would appreciate any suggestion that might be offered for use in years to come.

She stated that each year the committee sent invitations to young people who had come to the mainland for study, inviting them to attend the reunion as guests of the association. This year three had responded—the Misses Dorothy Boyer, Thelma Speare and Marion Ramsdell.

Miss Brooks, the secretary, then wind and by wave
That's a wee bit of Heaven to me. read her report of the reunion of tertaining and received with loud ap-Oft are pictured in fond memory.

There are lakes where are mirrored plause. Her report was accepted, the the clouds in the sky There are stretches of beach white association owed Miss Brooks a vote and clear.
will love, love, love it 'till I die,
'Tis my Old Nantucket Home, ever as secretary, which opinion was shared by the assembly.

There are old-fashioned gardens with port covering the period from October 31, 1927, to November 1, 1928. The That renew childhood memories to report showed the association to be in a very gratifying financial condition with a balance in the treasury There is health in each breath fresh of \$766.84 on the first of November. Mr. Myrick referred to the "Sons and Daughters" as a "growing and going organization", announcing that 72 new members had joined since 1925.

Miss Sue Wyer Haggerty made a report for the nominating committee, offering the following officers for election for the coming year:

President—Miss Agnes E. Bettridge.
Secretary—Miss Mildred H. Brooks.
Treasurer—Philip A. Myrick.
Vice-Presidents—Mrs. Alice Sawyer, Mrs. Jean Marion, Clarence Edward Alley, Mrs. Lilian C. Bridgham, Max Wagner, Miss Florence

It was voted that the secretary cast one ballot for the officers as presented by the nominating committee, which was done. This disposed of the business of the meeting.

The president then called upon David J. Maloney, "a lawyer, a former member of the legislature and an adopted son of Nantucket." Mr. Maloney took for his text the song "My Island Home", referring to the fact that his first visit to the island the visitor. He was especially ap-cation for the project. preciative, he said, of the reception He asked the audience to draw a Sons and Daughters".

Miss Bettridge to the tune of "Keep town from the Killen estate.

Here's a cheer for Old Nantucket For her Sons and Daughters true, And for those who by adoption are Her Sons and Daughters too Let us make it loud and lusty For we'll always loyal be, And we'll "boost" for Old Nantucket Thirty miles out in the sea.

Refrain

Keep the home fires burning Where our hearts are turning, For we love the sandy shores Where breakers roar. We'll be ever fonder Tho' afar we wander, And we'll always be true blue To Our Island Home.

Miss Molly Foss, daughter of Sam Walter Foss, the poet, read several selections from her father's poems, receiving enthusiastic applause from the audience.

William F. Macy, president of the Nantucket Historical Association, was then asked to make a brief statement regarding the proposed whaling museum. Always an entertaining speaker, Mr. Macy had his audience with him. He queried if the gathering knew what was the most important year in Nantucket's history. "If you don't know, I'll tell you-or I'm going to tell yer, as the late Al Smith said. It was the year 1894, for in that year the Sons and Daughters and the Nantucket Historical Association were both started."

He then outlined the growth and accomplishments of both associations during the last three decades, claiming that no other town has two such active organizations as Nantucket. "It is a remarkable thing," said Mr. Macy, "that this island can get out nearly two hundred year after year for this reunion."

He referred to the good work which the Historical Association has done and will continue to do for the community, touching briefly upon several branches of activity—the museum, the preservation of the Old Mill and the Oldest House, etc-and then calling attention to the proposed whaling museum. Already \$31,000 has been pledged towards this project, but a few thousand more will be needed before the property can be secured, and then a few thousand more to put it in shape.

Mr. Macy told of the conditions of the will of the late Admiral Folger, by which the Historical Association is to become residuary legatee after the death of the testator's daughter, which would mean that some time the association will receive a large amount was made in a 70-mile breeze. He said from Admiral Folger's estate. Under the Nantucket reunions—no need of "called the roll", each person stand- he was really inspired to see such a the terms of the will, the money is to gathering of men and women "who be used for the construction of a love an island that no one can help new museum building of a type similar loving". He interspersed his remarks to the Coffin School and the land to with some amusing stories and re- be purchased for the whaling museum, ferred to Nantucket's hospitality and extending from North Water to Beach the cordial welcome always extended streets, would offer an admirable lo-

accorded him, and felt that he was mental picture of the future, with a now entitled to become an "adopted civic center near the junction of Nantucketer", so intended to join the Broad and North Water streets-the new Historical Building and Whaling The gathering was then asked to Museum on one side and the new sing another of the songs on the pro- Town Hall building on the Sanford gram-"Our Island Home," written by property recently purchased by the

The Home Fires Burning", as follows: At the conclusion of Mr. Macy's remarks, Miss Grace Brown Gardner arose and said that she thought the

> Sons and Daughters could well afford to have a share in the whaling museum and moved that a sum not to exceed \$100 be taken from the treasury and added to the whaling museum fund.

The suggestion met with favor and it was so voted. The treasurer soon after handed a check for the stated amount to Mr. Macy, who acknowledged it with: "Sons and Daughters, I thank you." Three rousing cheers were then given for Mr. Macy and the whaling museum, led by Philip Myrick.

Miss Bettridge next called upon Gleason Archer, Esq., dean of the Suffolk Law School, who is a direct descendant of Thomas Mayhew who bought Nantucket for forty pounds away back in 1641. He gave an interesting resume of Mayhew's life and activity in relation to the islands of Nantucket and Marthas Vineyard, which was received with due appreciation by his audience.

Miss Foss then recited two more of her father's poems-"Jacob's Whiskers" and "The House by the Side of The Road", the latter undoubtedly the most familiar of Sam Walter Foss's poems.

At this point Philip Myrick called attention to the menu cards and the pieces of Nantucket sea moss in the upper corner of each card. Some interesting designs appear, he said, but there was one in particular which was to be the lucky card. Mr. Myrick referred to the custom of marking one of the little souvenirs at the plates each year, the holder of the mark receiving the prize. Last year one of the little bells was different from the others. This year it is the moss on the menu card, he said. He asked all to examine their cards closely and see if there was not one with the moss shaped like a Teddy bear. For a moment or two there was no response, but everybody had an expectant look. Finally a lady held up her card-it had the sea moss which resembled a Teddy bear. To make more positive that she held the lucky menu card, Mr. Myrick asked her to examine the center fold and see if she saw anything

"Yes, there is a small pencil mark there," was the reply.

"You hold the right Teddy bear card, then," said Mr. Myrick. "If you will come forward you will receive the prize." He then presented her with a copy of Mr. Macy's new book, "The Story of Old Nantucket." The lady who fortunately held the card was Mrs. Frances Caldwell, of 15 Lancaster Road, Cambridge.

The last number on the program was "a voyage around Nantucket island with Butler Folger." Mr. Folger was introduced by the president as one of Nantucket's "town fathers" as well as the skipper of the sight-seeing bus which makes the 40-mile trip around the island during the summer months. Mr. Folger, before commencing the cruise, referred briefly to the fact that Nantucket is now a thriving community, bustling with activity and with a number of new civic developments under way. He then took his audience on the 40mile trip, condensing his descriptions about the historic spots seen in making the journey to the west and east ends, and giving an idea of what he talks about in entertaining his passengers and making sure that they get their money's worth.

At the conclusion of Mr. Folger's remarks the gathering stood and sang the following song, "My Native Isle", written by the Rev. W. D. Woodward to the tune of "America".

My native island, thee, Anchored far out to sea, Thy name I love. Thy skies of clearest blue, Thy sea of emerald hue, Thy far off ocean view, My spirit move.

On old Nantucket's shore Where breakers loudly roar I oft did stand, And dreamed youth's fair young

Mid golden sunlight gleams
Or silver moon's bright beams,—
God close at hand.

Youth's happy days are gone, Man's sterner years have come, With weight of care. Yet somehow peaceful rest Becomes my welcome guest As at mem'ry's fond behest I breathe thy air.

God bless our native isle, Favored with God's own smile,— His heaven's blue. Strong sons, and daughters fair, Now scattered everywhere, Be this our common prayer,-God keep us true.

This ended the annual reunion of the Sons and Daughters for 1928 and after another round of chatting, reminiscing and hand-shaking the gathering gradually broke up, all looking forward to the reunion of

Those attending the reunion were

the following: Mrs. Elizabeth P. Additon. Mrs. Helen Folger Appleton. Mrs. Leila Macy Appleton. Royal C. Appleton.
Gleason L. Archer.
Miss Sarah E. Arnold.
Miss Emily G. Babb.
Mrs. Caroline Clark Barney. Mrs. Caroline Clark Barney.
Edward Mitchell Barney.
Major-General M. H. Barnum.
Miss Anna E. C. Barrett.
Miss Mary L. Barrows.
Miss Lillian S. Bartlett.
Mrs. Lizzie A. Bartlett.
William M. Bartlett, Jr.
Miss Agnes E. Bettridge.
Mrs. Ellouise Eldredge Black.
Miss Mary H. Borden.
Mrs. Louise D. Boudrot.
Miss Dorothy Boyer. Miss Dorothy Boyer. Sherwin P. Boyer. Sherwin P. Boyer.
Mrs. Lilian Clisby Bridgham.
Herbert P. Brooks.
Mrs. Josephine S. Brooks.
Miss Mildred Howland Brooks.
Mrs. Mary Brown.
Melvin W. Brown.
Miss Alice Macy Bunker.
Mrs. Emma P. Bunker.
Miss Eleganor Burdick Miss Eleanor Burdick.
Miss Eva Burdick.
James M. Burdick.
Charles E. Eurgess.
Miss Mildred C. Burgess. William M. Burgess.
Mrs. Edith F. Caldwell.
Mrs. Frances F. Caldwell. Joseph A. Campbell. Mrs. Louise D. Campbell. Mrs. Mary Gardner Cary. Miss Annie C. Carstensen. Miss Laura E. Cashman. Mrs. Carolyn Chadwick. Charles C. Chadwick. Mrs. Mary Brown Chadwick. Edward W. Chadwick. Anthony Champney. Mrs. Elizabeth B. Chapman. Mrs. Edith Gardner Clark. Henry B. Coleman. Mrs. Clara Bartlett Collins. Andrew B. Coon. Mrs. Ella B. Coon. Miss Sarah L. Day. Mrs. Marjorie Folger Drake. Mrs. Helen Coleman Dyer. Wyman Dyer.

Mrs. Emma M. Eldredge. Heman Eldredge. James M. Farnum. Miss Mary Farnum. Miss Anna Gardner Fish. Miss Charlis H. Fishback. Mrs. Sarah Smith Fishback. Miss Alice R. Fisher. Miss E. Bertha Fiske. Miss Elizabeth C. Fitzgerald. J. Butler Folger. Mrs. Anne Folsom.
Mrs. Evelyn M. Folsom.
Richard W. Folsom.
Roy D. Folsom.
Miss Grace Brown Gardner.
Lamas Howard Correction. James Howard Garnett. Mary J. George.

Miss Charlotte N. Giffin. Mrs. Mary Brown Giffin. Mrs. John W. Grout. Mrs. John W. Grout.
Arthur B. Guptill.
Mrs. Edith Mansfield Guptill.
Miss Sue Wyer Haggerty.
Mrs. Mary O'Connell Haines.
Mrs. Amelia A. Hall.
Charles T. Hall.
Miss Lucie Hamblen.
Mrs. Floss E. Hardy.
Willard P. Hardy.
Willard P. Hardy.
Mrs. Inez Scott Harlow.
Arthur C. Hayden.
Mrs. Bertha L. Hayden.
Miss Florence A. Hayden.
George B. Heaton. George B. Heaton. Arthur W. Jones. Mrs. Edith Worth Jones. Frank M. Jones.
Mrs. Lizzie A. Hussey Jones.
Mrs. Ida Andrews Jordan.
Captain B. Whitford Joy.
Mrs. Mary Davis Brown Kent. Mrs. Beatrice Smith Killen. Mrs. Kate G. Lamson. Mrs. L. Frances Latham.
Mrs. Emma A. Lingham.
Mrs. Ina Robinson Lithgow. Mrs. Ina Robinson Lithgow.
Mrs. Myra B. Lord.
Mrs. Alice Wellington Lyman.
Huram W. Macy.
Mrs. Maude Thomas Macy.
William F. Macy.
David J. Maloney.
Mrs. Lord Controlled Mrs. David J. Maloney.
Mrs. Jean Cartwright Marion.
F. Schuyler Mathews.
Miss J. M. Maynard.
Mrs. Constance H. Murdock.
George F. Murdock.
Miss Evelyn F. Murray.
Mrs. Marianna A. Murray.
Mrs. Bessie M. Myrick.
Mrs. Frances D. Myrick.
G. Allen Myrick.
George H. Murick. George H. Myrick. Harrison D. Myrick. Philip A. Myrick. Mrs. Cassine Brown Nelson. Oscar H. Nelson. Mrs. Laura L. Newhall. Mrs. Caroline H. Nicholson.
Mrs. Minnie Sylvester Norcross.
Mrs. Mildred C. Olderich.
Miss Charlotte Fitman Owen.
Mrs. Carrie E. Paine. Mrs. Edith Caswell Parsons. Mrs. Ellen Grey Parker Pease. Kenneth N. Pease. Mrs. Mae Flood Pease. Miss Bertha Penie. John K. Phelan. Mrs. Sara Folger Pinkham. Miss Marion Ramsdell. Miss Margaret A. Ramsdall. Miss Annie Sheffield Ray. Mrs. Elsie Robinson Remsen. Capt. Wm. G. Remsen. Miss Mary R. Ring. Mrs. Sarah J. Roberts. Miss Lillie B. Robinson. Cecil N. Russell. Miss Edith M. Sandsbury. Mrs. Alice C. Sawyer
Charles A. Sawyer.
Mrs. Dorothy Remsen Schofield.
Mrs. Marion Cook Sevrens.
Mrs. Virginia G. Sharp.
Miss Alice M. Sibley.
Mrs. Lydia Gardner Simpson.
Alfred Elmer Smith.
Mrs. Annie Smith Mrs. Annie Smith.

Mrs. Annie M. Nye Smith. Franklin E. Smith. Mrs. Mertie Harding Smith. Miss Thelma Speare. Horace E. Spencer.
Simeon Macy Starbuck.
Mrs. Nellie D. C. Strong.
Miss Clara Louise Stuart. Ernest A. Studley. Mrs. Anna McMaken Studley. Israel M. Swain.
Israel Morey Swain Jr.
Mrs. Mary Jaggar Swain.
Ernest R. Terry.
Miss Frances W. Thomas. Miss Frances W. Thomas.
Mrs. Lillie Orpin Thomas.
Mrs. Frances Joy Thompson.
Mrs. Lillian Wood Thurston.
Mrs. Anna R. Tracy
George H. Tracy.
Mrs. Grace F. Turner.
Harry B. Turner.
P. Jackson Vail.
May Wagner Max Wagner. Miss Eileen Waite. Miss Eileen Waite.
Miss Mary Waitt.
Mrs. Elsie Coffin Walsh.
Alfred Easton Wellington.
Miss Stella C. Wing.
Mrs. Edna Bishop Wood.
Mrs. Etta Marien Wood.
Mrs. Alice M. Woodbridge.
William D. Woodward.
Allen M. Wort.
Miss Florence J. Worth.
Herbert G. Worth. Herbert G. Worth. Mrs. Mary Coffin Worth.

Notes From The Reunion.

Miss Bettridge makes a good presiding officer and is booked for another voyage.

The executive committee asks for suggestions for the reunion next year. If you have anything in mind that you think might be of interest, just pass the tip along.

The "Sons and Daughters" are to have a brick or two in Nantucket's whaling museum, having subscribed \$100 to the fund.

Miss Grace Brown Gardner was re-elected President of the Sons and Daughters of Nantucket at their annual Boston reunion, which was attended by 152 people. 1923

"They Cannot Completely Bedevil Nantucket".

From Worcester Telegram, April 9.

Nantucket, adorable in its antiquity, will go in for modern things. The once prohibited automobile jolts over the cobbles of shady Main street. The old brass latch is still on the door of the Pacific bank, but inside are plate glass, and bobbed haired stenographers. The sheep no longer graze on the moors, but Kansas sends jack rabbits for Mr. Justice's green-coated Harriers to chase. Operating on gasoline the fire department covers nine miles to a Wauwinet blaze in 15 minutes. The descendants of the whalemen search no far seas for a Moby Dick. In the harbor they scoop scallops for the New York market. The jail is no better than an old log

And now Nantucket goes into the booming business just like the English channel and Catalina island. Next September it proposes to hold a swimming contest across the sound from the mainland with Gertrude Ederle, George Young and maybe that woman who holds fame as the only mother who ever swam from Calais to Dover with a baby under each arm, or something of that sort, as contestants. The ordinarily sedate and dignified Nantucket Inquirer and Mirror gets out oversize type to join in the ballyhoo and brazenly admits that September is selected as a date in order that the advertising may go on all summer. There is some lament that Nantucket numbers among its population no chewing gum magnate like William Wrigley, Jr., to pay the freight, but island and off-island committees are doing their best as substitutes. For purses and expenses the sum of \$25,000 must be raised.

Thus goes old Nantucket, casting aside her Quaker bonnet, hoofing the Black Bottom in her sea boots and smoking cigarettes on her way to the movies. She bids for invasion and in her secret shame may peel a hard eye have to gun the invadors. It have been ravished by the rain, silver for a chance to gyp the invaders. It was not that way when the Oeno and the Britow and the Oak sailed and when the captains' room at the Pacific Club held real cap'ns-Cap'n Grant and Cap'n Defriez for instance-instead of mere summer idlers. Nantucket, thar she blows—as long and as loudly as she can.

And yet Nantucket is Nantucket. They can't change her-much. They can't ruin her. The sea guards her with its far flung arms, the sea shelters her on its tender bosom. Clean airs drift over her. Through the rifts of green the sun dapples her with gold. To win her prizes in September, those swimmers must breast 30 miles of chilling water and hard running tides. But the stately facades of the old brick row with the gardens behind, the moors with the purple heather growing, the crimson sunset softening the stern lines of the old house where the little bride spoke with the Indians and the charm and the peace and the content of the little gray town nestling beside the water as the Lisbon bell rings clear at eventide-who wouldn't swim thirty miles to reach them?

When a Northeaster Breaks

summer its isolation from the main-natives say reassuringly. "Tomorland is only seeming; for steamships row it will be surely clear", they reply back and forth with great free this long; tomorrow it does not clear. tucketers with the great world.

In summer its white beaches are to the sandy earth. gay with life, strewn with bodies clad in bright colored bathing suits. The weather-vane, as fixed and imperious

weary mind.

Yet even paradise has its obverse side. On the island's eastern shore, the Atlantic pounds with incessant rather steadily points to that direction tides. A laconic signpost bears the legend: "Spain, Portugal, 3000 miles" with no storms but all bright suntrue, the Gulf Stream warms these icy waters. But the smiling face is not always worn by the ocean or by boat does not get through No boats not always worn by the ocean or by boat does not get through No boats Nature.

ruin to shipping as well as to summer tions rule the human. Rain beats into the msatholidays. Rain beats into the insatiable sand till even its thirst is sated.

uming beach plum which asks so little of existence, merely the right to survive and wring a frugal sweetness from the lean soil, has also felt the stern touch of the storm, its ripe The storm is o spheres shaken down into the moss which gently receives and inters the ruined berry.

Whipping up from Charleston 10 days ago came the hurricane which ravaged the Atlantic coastline. Inland, a hurricane takes its toll in the drenching rainfall in swollen rivers, in threatening floods, in dams hard pressed, in trees bent before the gale or uprooted, in city streets flooded and impassable, in roads washed out, stalled cars. But on a tiny island 15 miles long, whose highest elevation above sea-level is only a meager 100 feet, a hurricane, with its attendant gales and especially when accompanied by a northeaster which lasts a full four days and nights, is another matter.

There is no shelter from the elements, no sense of deep security, such as society has contrived for its urban children. Man on an island in such a storm is at grips with Nature.

A wild strange beauty, beauty far removed from the concert room, the symphony hall, the library, the art museum. Man has moved tremendous distances in sympathy with Nature; life is to be ironed out, smooth, like a super-highway whose grades and curves check the impatient motorist's greed for speed. Ah, but Nature is not like that; it is mad and furyridden, driven by devils who take no heed of the sanctity of human life, who give not a damn whether the

steamboats run or the summer people get off the island or not, to keep their polite rendezvous with business or

From the Springfield Sunday
Republican and Union.

Forty miles out to sea lies the opening of schools, or a lover.

One could live forever to this music, or die, one says. But could one? Day by day rain pours down, the ocean thunders on. "A northisland of Nantucket. During the easter never lasts this long", the main natives say reassuringly. "Tomorquency. In winter it is otherwise The storm goes on, storm over the but one boat a day unites the Nan-moors, storm over the dunes, storm tucketers with the great world.

sun shines, the surf breaks glisten during this storm as the north star iting on the shore. It is a paradise for the tired city dweller, a haven for the turned city dweller, a haven for the turned city dweller, a haven for the turned city dweller. A turned city dweller, a haven for the turned city dweller, a haven for the turned city dweller. ing or twisting would be the cause for

Nature.

Let a northeaster loose its fury on that sandy dot of land thrown up haphazardly in the ocean, and there is another tale to be told. Gone the gaiety of the beach, quenched the sun The boats no longer run, the silver shingled cottages draw tightly into themselves, the island population takes shelter from the storm. Life has vanished from sight. Somewhere hidden and protected, it lives. But, meanwhile, the blind and powerful forces of Nature rule, the elements dominate.

Wind, rain, ceaseless and irresistible. The houses shake to the gale, whose 60-mile velocity may well spell ruin to shipping as well as to summer holidays. Rain beats into the insat-

Those neat gleaming walks and roads of crushed clam shells now acknowledge their master; rutted and worn by rain they lie prostrate.

On the moors ("commons" is the proper Nantucket word) the unassuming beach plum which asks so summer people leave the island rot summer people leave the island ro Man or no, the storm ends. summer people leave the island not without a qualm or two of mal de mer as the steamship pitches about on still

> The storm is over, it is forgotten. The mind, like those sun-dials of the fable, is wont to record only sunny days. But Nature will not be satisfied to be ignored or slighted. Up its sleeve it always has a hurricane or two, a northeaster, a tempest to re-mind one that life is only half the picture, death, destruction, despair, doom are the other side of paradise.

It is refreshing for a summer vacation, not only to find Nature all that could be desired in sea and shore, moors and clouds, but also human nature so sturdy and worthy, an island community typical of the history and character that have made America.

Boy Mischief.

Boy Mischief.
In a recent issue, we published a communication on the subject of wanton and mischievous breakage of window-glass by school-boys, and in the same issue, we mentioned the fact of the robbery of all the apples from a fine old tree which gave promise of producing an unusually large crop this year. What aggravates the meanness of this last transaction is the fact that the gentleman to whom the fruit belonged has lately had the misfortune to lose his eyesight, and is quite powerless, in his own person, to protect his property or to summarily punish the offenders.

It may be said that there is always the law to appeal to, but we never knew much satisfaction to accrue to the prosecutor from legal proceedings against school-boys. A boy, after he has got over the temporary scare, cares 'very little about the matter: he usually gets a slight reprimand, and the parent begs him off from further disgrace by promising that he shall be made to do better in future. If a fine be inflicted, the prosecutor is pretty sure to put a life-long coolness-not to say, enmity,-between himself and each parent who has been compelled to draw his wallet. If he cannot afford to do this, he had better pocket the loss he has already sustained, and say no more about it.

This is a wrong course of conduct, we all know. Mercy should season Justice, of course; but here there is so much seasoning in the dish, that the original flavor of justice is altogether lost. But it is yet an open question, which is the greater fool of the two; he who suffers himself to be injured without seeking legal redress, or he who goes to law, feeling that he himself will get rather the worst of it? So in the case of the gentleman on Centre street, who, being in feeble health, is considered by brave boys as a safe one to infliet annoyance upon, is it any wonder that he becomes exasperated, and desires to take the law into his own hands?

It seems to us that parents have the chief duty to perform in this direction, and that the law had much better be administered at home than in the judicial courts. There was much of good in the old patriarchal system, despotic as it was, and we might do more than to partially return to that system, even though its requirements may run counter to our habitual train of thought at the present day. We are apt to feel that our fathers and our teachers at school were too severe and drew the rein too tight with us during our boyhood; and we have a tendency to run into the opposite extreme. We err greatly if we suppose that the average boy, if left to his own guidance, will develop only the noble trait of a young hero. Juvenile honor is a very fine thing to read about, but it is not so spontaneous in its growth as we could wish it to be, and needs the constant stimulus of parental training and watchfulness.



Photo by Annie Alden Folger

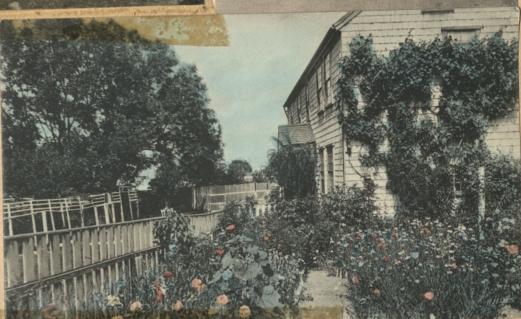
A SOCIAL CUP OF TEA ON NANTUCKET NOT SO VERY MANY YEARS AGO.



From a Copyrighted Photo by H. S. Wyer.

A Friendly Call, Nantucket.



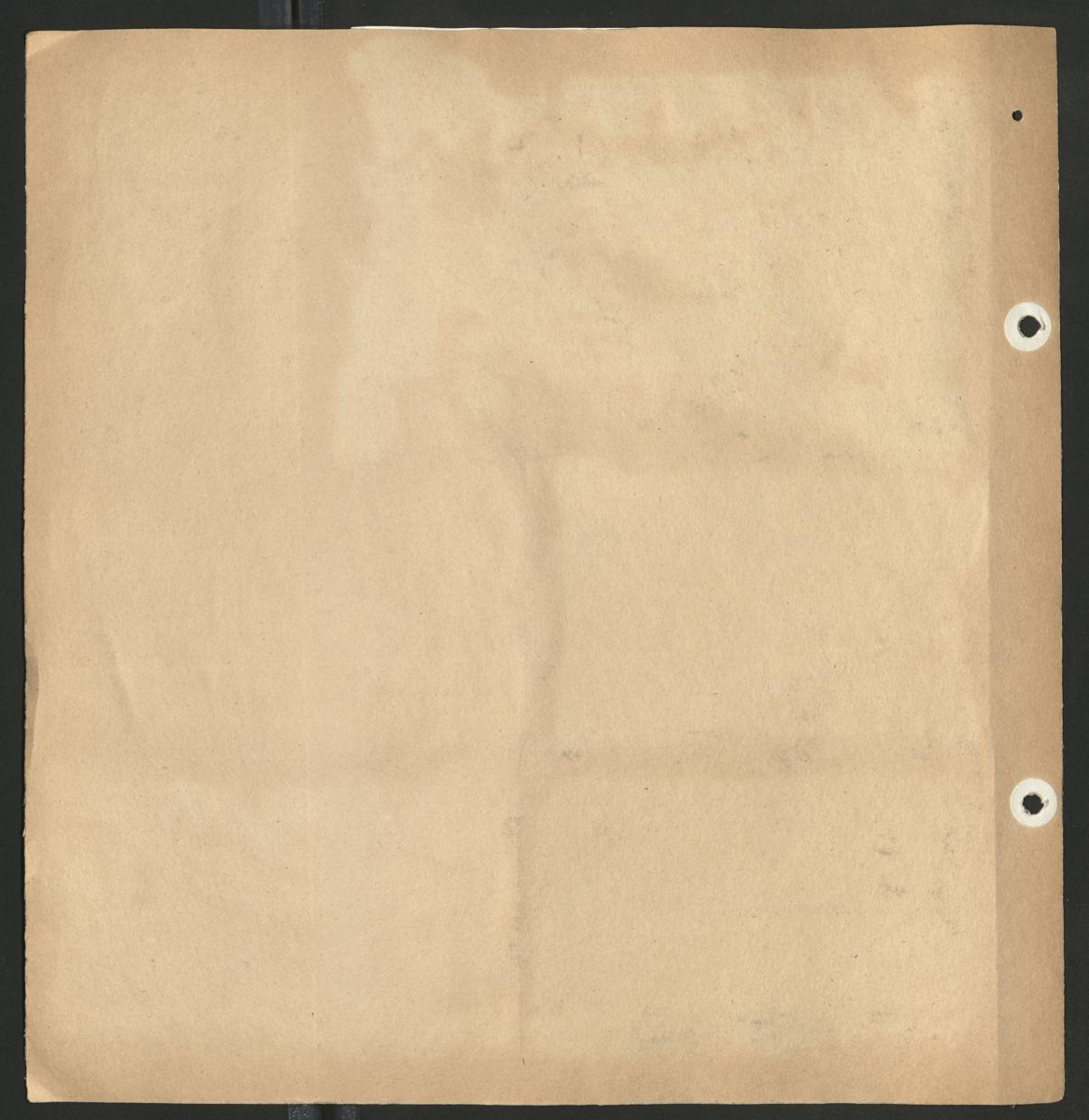






'Autumn'on the Moors

Surt Casting



Nantucket's Flowers.

The sail that sought the Seventh Sea-Long ago brought home to me Many seeds from many lands Rainbows from the myriad lands. Scottish broom in golden glee Trims the path to Sankoty. Vivid tweed my heatherland heather-Loves an Island's variant weather, And the pungent bay-berry, New England pewter, lives with me. Arbutus trails along the moor, And lady slippers, pink, demure, In sandy hollows, everywhere-Shyly greet the salty air. Hot summer lights the lily's flame And brings my rose to common fame-My rambler rose, it climbs the wall Drapes the door step, runs to call-Tops a chimney, taps a window Petals bright and gorgeously My island garden in the sea. Long ago brought home to me All beauty came to live with me Oh voyager when you depart-Wear my flowers in your heart. Eleanor Dixon Glidden

THE ARBUTUS.

[Mrs. Maria L. Owen having, called my attention to the fact that there is a wordy conflict going on in reference to the pronunciation of the word "arbutus," and that she herself, in the Boston Transcript, has given Cowper, E. B. Browning and Virgil as authorities for placing the accent on the first syllable, I heed her suggestion and give the following rhymes as my effort to write the earliest American stanzas in which the accent is thus placed.—P. A, H.]

Sweet arbutus, I hail thee now! Such fragrance as thine own, Remindeth of the censer's breath That swings before the throne; The spring-time prayer of thankful hope, Since God's sure word hath said Seed-time and harvest shall not fail-There shall be daily bread.

Sweet arbutus! thy fragrance brings Dear faces to my view, Which bend above the asphodels, Where God makes all things new. They speak with Kitty Carver where All recognize the Power That woke the Governor's sweet child To say, "God made this flower!"

I may not seek the arbutus To day, where poets dwell, As on a distant May-day which I've cherished long and well But in my heart I cherish still The beauty and the bloom Of that fair blossom, and the rare, The arbutus, perfume.

I would that on my native isle, Where grows the fragrant flower, I might, this blessed Easter time, Spend many a happy hour, And gather on the greening moors, Where winds the trailing vine, The arbutus, whose tiny cups Bear the aroma fine.

I would not care if arbutus Should be its English name, Or sweet arbutus it should be To those of Pilgrim fame; Nor yet if Virgil umpire be In this accenting strife,-I'd only reach to grasp the flower

At the end of the glacial period, the climate continued to warm. Tundra animals and plants pressed northward. Some animals and plants, such as bearberries, bunchberries and checkerberries, golden heather and poverty grass, leather leaf and water lobelia, remained and are still growing today.

"Flowers unmatched for tint and loveliness," says the poem, and it is a fact. Moreover, botanists everywhere have discovered it. Book upon book has been written on the flora of Nantucket, the authors taking every point of view from sheer appreciation to scientific analysis.

THE GOLDEN-ROD.

BY ANNA GARDNER.

In sun-smit splendor lavishly Upon our commons wide, Blazes the plumed autumnal flower That lifts its head beside The aster and her sisters bright. Gaily we see it nod In every breeze that passes by-The queen-like golden-rod.

It teaches lessons of good cheer, Each on its mission bent, While softly to the listening ear It whispers, "Be content. Be cheery, hopeful, day by day, As a brave spirit can; Catching the sunshine we bestow To help the lot of man."

A mass of sunshine, all aglow,

Irradiating free Its genial warmth on human hearts, In loving sympathy-Oh, precious are these golden blooms That sprang from lifeless clod! They bring us near to Nature's heart-Close to the heart of God.

-Woman's Journal.

NANTUCKET, Sept. 27. 1892

Island Hydrangea.

By Barbara Sharpe

We'd possessed them all so briefly— The island gardens and the island walls

The cobblestones of little lanes, The shingles and the shutters, The knockers and the window panes— And we came to say goodbye. We walked between the flow'ring

hedges To a vista rainy clean,
And glimpsed the faces of hydrangea
Smiling past the gateway in between.
And we dared to stand and watch

them, Those ladies gowned in blue Whose stateliness was powdered With a powderpuff of dew. Then fingered moonlight touched their

shoulders shoulders
And their petaled hoopskirts swayed
To an orchestra of waltzes
That a lovely evening played.
Do you think that we were dreaming
Beneath the island's spell?
Then were possession even briefer

The Trailing Arbutus of Nantucket Moors.

From the alchemy of rains, Thus to form these jewelled strains, Pearly white and ruby pink, What ambrosia dost thou drink?

Though the winds of April chill thee, Sunshine intervenes to thrill thee: Thus thy beauty nothing lacks. Centred in thy cup of wax.

Rootlets sturdy cling to life, Through the winter's storm and strife Spring renews prolific stem, Bearing many a clustered gem.

Hiding in thy lone retreats, Thee, the weary traveller greet; Rests awhile from cark and care, Dreams of long-lost visions fair

Breathes the incense of thy breath, On the dear, familiar heath, Cheered, consoled, and blest anew By the flower his childhood knew

1903 CAROLINE PARKER HILLS.

HOSPITAL ROSES.

They stand in a vase by my pillow— Those beautiful roses of mine; Each bud seems the face of an angel, With love of the giver a-shine.

Oh, roses, sweet roses, your love-notes Like bird songs are thrilling my

You cheer me and bring me the sun-

That bursts your soft petals apart.

There's a scent in the air of a garden With roses, eternal, in bloom; They scatter each cloud from my pil-

They banish each spectre of gloom. They promise me flowers that are fadeless;

They assure me of Love that's

Divine;
For surely the Maker of roses
Can pluck life's last thorn out of

Anna Starbuck Jenks. Nantucket Cottage Hospital. July 10th, 1923.

[Old-Fashioned Flowers By Ethel Lynn Beers

Where are the dear, old-fashioned

posies,
Quaint in form and bright in hue,
uch as grandma gave her lovers
When she walked the garden
through?

Lavender, with spikes of azure
Pointing to the dome on high,
Telling thus whence came its color,
Thanking with its breath the sky.

Four o'clock, with heart unfolding, When the loving sun had gone, Streak and stain of cunning crimson Like the light of early dawn.

Regal lilies, many-petaled,
Like the curling drifts of snow,
With their crown of golden anthers
Poised on malachite below.

Morning glories, tents of purple, Stretched on bars of creamy white, Folding up their satin curtains Inward through the dewy night.

Marigold, with coat of velvet, Streaked with gold and yellow lace, With its love for summer sunlight Written on its honest face

Dainty pink, with feathered petals, Tinted, curled, and deeply frayed, With its calyx heart, half broken, On its leaves uplifted laid.

Can't you see them in the garden, Where dear grandma takes her

nap? See cherry blooms shake softly over Silver hair and snowy cap?

Will the modern florist's triumph Look so fair or smell so sweet s those dear, old-fashioned posies Blooming round our grandma's feet?

But it is the natural beauties of Nantucket that really make it a para-Every breeze is an ocean The water is always warm breeze. enough for bathing. The fishing waters contain striped bass, sea bass, scup, flounders, perch, tautog, cod, haddock and pollock. The temperature in winter seldom goes as low as zero. What more can you ask of Nantucket?

Wild Roses in Nantucket.

I know a fairy Far-Away-Land I know a fairy Far-Away-Land
Where the Roses outnumber the Stars,
Wild Roses dancing a light Saraband,
Wild Roses not prisoned in jars.
They blossom all over in Far-Away-Land
On commons, by roadside, by sea,
So pink to the gaze, so frail to the hand—
Wild Roses to greet you and me!

They carpet the moors in Far-Away-Land,
They sway in Atlantic's breezes,
They edge right up to the Ocean's strand,
Think nought of the fog as it teases.
They blossom all over in Far-Away-Land—
How gently they bow to all sailors!
If anyone passes they chant in a band:
"Wild Roses! We are the whalers!"

"Each one of us here is a memory sweet
Of a Whaleman gone to His Skipper,
Of a Whaler who manfully hauled on the sheet
All the way to the Cross from the Dipper.
Wild Roses, we all in our memory keep
The time-honored hail: "Thar she blows,"
Of Leviathan wrested aloft from the Deep,
Of peril and venture with floes."

"We beg you be happy in Far-Away-Land
And thoughtful of Whalemen long gone.
You may cull us in wending your way to the sand,
With our memories take us along!
Wild Roses we'll grow till the last Summer ends
While the sons of the Whalemen protect us
And the Skipper Up Yon His Lifeline extends
To our Captains—who'll ever direct us!"

Red Clover.

REV. LOUISE S. BAKER.

Do you know how the Clover goes to bed, My dear little lads and lassies? She folds up her hands and bows down her head,*

To the song of the rustling grasses.

When a four-leaved clover happens that way, She puts her two heads together. And sweetly they sleep, these bright clovers

In all kinds of wind and of weather.

If some little Brownie whispers to one, "Come, let's have a waltz, my dear Clover," She blushes deep red; with a ripple of fun, She answers, "My dancing is over."

So, happy, they sleep, red blossoms and white, In crowds of yellow-haired daisies; They open their eyes at early daylight, And sing out their hearts in soft praises.

'Tis winter-time now, sweet Clover sleeps sound,

A snow-white blanket above her. All soft and all pure. So, close to the ground She nestles, for that is her mother.

But when the Earth wakes and opens her eyes, Where violets star the ground over, As blue and as fresh as the lovely spring skies, She'll gently push off little Clover,

Saying, "Rise, now, my darling, look out on the day,

And see where the fields are greened over; Shake out your bright tresses in lovely array, But keep close to me, my dear Clover."

Little men and little maidens, Little lads and lassies dear, You are like the sweet Red Clover, With your eyes so pure and clear, With your cheeks so fair and rosy, And your chubby, dimpled hands;

When you fold them for your prayers, Angels guard you with their wands! NANTUCKET, MASS



Methodists observe Hydrangea Sunday and anniversary

Hydrangea Sunday and the 176th anniversary of Methodism on Nantucket will be observed together this Sunday, July 27, at the United Methodist Church on Centre Street during the 10:45 a.m. worship service. The public is invited to participate in the annual hydrangea Sunday which symbolizes the beauty of midsummer flowers on Nantucket. Mrs. Harold Dunham is the flower committee

chairman. She and her committee will gather and arrange the displays.

Thus to say farewell!

Guest speaker for Sunday's special observance will be Rev. Donald Bruce Lowe, pastor of the Church of the Good Samaritan in Washington, D.C. He and his family are the guests of Rev. and Mrs. Frank Pattison of Roberts Lane. Rev. Pattison is minister Emeritus of the Nantucket Mothodist Church.





Flora of Nantucket By Frank MacKeever

The writer has found that the flora of Nantucket is full of surprises. Especially so, when he discovered albino-fruited wintergreen berries and cranberries. And, albino flowered fireweed, milkwort, and moccasin-flower. And, what a sight, for a Scotsman, to suddenly see before him a white-flowered thistle.

Very few areas similiar to Nantucket can boast of possessing an herbarium which contains collections of the plant-life for that area. Nantucket can boast of having just such an herbarium. Thus, our visitors may find this herbarium of great help in establishing the identity of the plants they collect. Housed in this herbarium, are priceless collections of many of the early, and recent, students of this insular flora.

Catalogue
of the

Wild Plants of Nantucket,

By

MRS OWEN.

For sale at the Atheneum Library. Sent post paid to any address on receipt of price, 75 cts. au4-4t*

Flowers In Crannies

BY FRANK H. MACKEEVER

A tree area to the server of the server of

A tree grows in Brooklyn; but—an orchid grows in Nantucket! And, it does poke out of a cranny. Because, one dictionary, at hand, defines the word as — "a small, narrow opening." Thus, if there had not been an opening through which our orchid could poke its stems to reach the sunlight, it would not have flowered — or, have been discovered.

Now, this all happened back in 1964, when Mrs. Emil F. Guba showed the writer a beautiful clump of an orchid which she discovered growing up through the knee-high grass of the wildflower area of the Guba property on Lily Street — a most unexpected station, for an orchid, right in the heart of the town.

Our posy is truly a member of the family Orchidaceae which is usually spoken of as the Orchis Family. It is scientifically known as Habenaria lacera, and commonly called the Green Fringed Orchis, or Ragged Orchis, because of the lac-erated "petals." The flowers are a yellowish or bronzy green, and quite fragrant. In certain settings, one must look closely to find them. Despite this almost perfect example of mimicry, which protects it from being ruthlessly picked, the writer has noticed a diminishing in the size of some of the colonies, as well as, the number of plants within the colonies - over the past nine years of studying our insular flora. The brushing and clearing of lands, where certain colonies once existed, has caused their disappearance in those areas. Nevertheless, there are some dandies still tucked away out there in the bush.

Seeing as how this story has turned out to be — "a shorty," let's steal a bit more of our kind editor's space for "a couple more." Especially, "a wind up believe it or not one"! What Gam "fodder" some of these stories would make!

Now, it is a rather striking coincidence that the previous article, of this series, mentioned the fact that six years ago the Inquirer and Mirror published an article about the plant mentioned in our recent story. And, it so happens that six years ago, almost on the same date as of this writing, on April 14, 1961, an article was published about the plant — "coming up." Another orchid found growing in Nantucket!

Like its predecessor, it was, also, poking out of the grass, which was only hand-high, as this orchid is but a slip of a thing.

It certainly is "something to talk about" to find an orchid growing right in the heart of the town. Yet, this wee thing is, also, "a conversation piece." For - of all places a nice little colony, of this wee orchid, was found flourishing right in the middle of the old - fairground race track! Upon spotting it, the writer reminisced a bit, and wondered how many feet had trod over the same spot. Human feet, horses' hoofs aflyin', even the tires of old-time bikes and gas-buggies - all must have "hit this spot" at one time or another!

This little orchis is known as *Spiranthes tuberosa*. For, the tiny plant emerges from a small tuberous-thickened root, which resembles somewhat that of a miniature Dahlia. It is commonly called Little Ladies'-tresses, or Pearl-twist. Personally, the writer prefers the latter, as the tiny white flowers are on the upper portion of the stem which has a few spiral twists. And, even though this wee thing is not big and showy, like the ones you gals like to have pinned on you, it is still an orchid.

Perhaps, the following closing sentence of our six year old article would serve nicely, here.

Maybe our little flower of the fairgrounds sprang up "at the finish line" — suggestive of that saying to a winner — "an orchid to you"!

So that someone shall not be "scalped" — this following story shall be "short, sweet, and simple."

A few years ago, the writer stood on one of the high points of the Siasconset waste area (dump). He looked down at "the lower level" where grows (or did) one of the biggest, best, and most beautiful colonies of blephariglottis — rather, Habenaria blephariglottis — the White Fringed Orchis.

As his old "eagle-eyes" were scanning the area, they suddenly came to rest on an upturned, bottomless piece of ponderous pottery. A relic of days gone by, when the likenesses of which were placed beneath the bed prior to retiring. And — there — poking out of that bottomless bowl, resembling a huge cup—was a beautiful blephariglottis — a White Fringed Orchis!

So 'Sconset — "an orchid to you"! For, there are still some left, out there, to be saved!

Save Christmas Trees

A request that the citizens save their Christmas trees after the holidays and turn them over to the Tree Commission for planting at the head of Hither Creek in Madaket has been made by Chairman Walter S. Barrett.

The trees serve to hold the drifting sand during winter storms and help to build up a sand buffer against erosion at the creek. Last year about five hundred were planted through the efforts of the Highway Department, Tree Commission and the Mosquito Control Project. Mr. Barrett reports the trees built up a strip of sand across the head of the creek about a foot high and 16 feet wide.

Please do not pick!



The Natural Science Department of the Maria Mitchell Association says that some of the island's many wildflowers are becoming scarse or endangered through overpicking. They have published a list of flowers that should never be disturbed.

At present say Eileen McGrath, director of the natural history department, and Larry Noblick, botonist, the scarsity of the red wood lily is of greatest concern. This flame colored wildflower grows on the open moors. Once picked it never blooms again.

A natural science department statement says: "While Nantucket still has in plenty some wildflowers now scarse on the mainland, according to the New England Wildflower Preservation Society and other groups, here certain plants plentiful elsewhere have been overpicked and need help to survive.

"The Garden Club and our efforts in recent years to inform the public have helped in saving the red wood lily from extinction on our island moors."

With the wood lily, there are three other flowers or plants that people should be especially careful of. The rose, or swamp mallow, which blooms in August in swampy areas, is on the endangered list and should never be tampered with. Sea lavender is endangered here on Nantucket. White Pond Lilys are also endangered. Apparently some children have been selling the white pond lilys on Main Street unknowingly, and the association hopes this will stop.

Other plants which should never be picked or uprotted are: any wild orchid, bloodroot, bunchberry, prickly pear cactus, liverwort, marsh pink, trillium, purple milkwort, Soloman's seal, turtlehead, blazing star, dusty miller, pink yarrow.

Bird's foot violet, Canada mayflowers, indian pipe, Jack-in-the pulpit, Partridge berry, shinleaf, spotted wintergreen, trailing arbutus, trailing evergreens, white pear lily.

Bittersweet, blue flag, butterfly week, marsh pink, pitcher plant, turkscap lily, cactus.

The Natural Science Department of the Maria Mitchell Association, located in Hinchman House at Milk and Vestal Streets, will be happy to provide further descriptions and information on any of Nantucket's wildlife.

Nantucket's flowering trees and shrubs are at their all-time splendor this week. The rainfall we received -- 1/2 inch Sunday following along after the .35 inches of last Thursday-Friday - was just enough to bring the blossoms to perfection. Downtown streets in the business district have been lovely, as have many of the private yards and gardens, where the cherry, apple and other trees have been at their height. One of the loveliest, as scarcely noticed by the casual passer-by is that in the back yard of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Killen on East Street.

MAY

Mrs. Yates loved Island flowers: knew the secret of Nantucket heather

"A grain of mustard seed, which a man took, And cast into his garden; and it grew, and waxed a great tree."

Earlier this week one of the founders of the Nantucket Garden Club, Mrs. Eugene Yates, was buried on her beloved island. One of her major achievements while president of that group, helping to create a heather sanctuary on the commons of Nantucket, is still such a closely guarded secret that its history and locations are difficult, if not impossible, to trace.

Probably the most informative bit of writing on the Nantucket heather story to date is an article by Elizabeth Hollister Frost (Mrs. Walter Blair, appearing in the Garden Club of America bulletin of 1952, with an addenda in 1955.

The secret of where Scotch heather grows on Nantucket "has passed from mother to daughter, from father to son, for close to a hundred years," Mrs. Blair writes. "Anyone who knows the secret must not pick, and must not tell."

The first discovery of heather on the island, she adds, was a single plant of Erica Cinerea, the Bell Heather of Europe, in a group of Nantucket pines in August of 1868.

Ten years later the Calluna Vulgaris, "the loved ling of Scotland," was discovered by Nantucket schoolboy Lawrence Coffin many miles away from the first find.

By 1900, two secret stations of two varieties of white heather had been set out upon the moors, names and locations now lost.

And soon after, inspired by the knowledge of hidden patches of the plant, heather seeds from Scotland were sown by those driving or riding horseback over the commons.

It was sometime during the early days of the garden club, the early mid-fifties, that the heather project got underway, inspired perhaps by the sudden appearance of large plants of the ling and of white heather in new and unexplained locations.

Soon, under the guidance of Mrs. Blair and spurred by the indomitable energy of Mrs. Yates, the ladies of the garden club were planting small stands of heather in spots known only to themselves throughout heath and moor. One of the earliest entries in club minutes, in June of 1956, reports merely that "since our last meeting two weeks ago, 100 more heather plants have been planted on the island."

Faithfully the ladies watered the plants throughout the first few years — solitary figures with watering cans at destinations known only to themselves.

At one Garden Club meeting, Mrs. J. Winston Fowlkes reports, "Mrs. Yates said that 14 of her plants had taken hold and were in existence."

Mrs. Fowlkes relates also the time she and Mrs. Jules Thebaud set out to find their heather and were appaled to discover they had forgotten the site, which remains lost to this day.

So if you are walking the moors and suddenly discover a spread of purple-pink rising to the next knoll, don't pick, and don't tell, and perhaps some day, as Mrs. Blair writes:

"Our island off the shores of America, which early English settlers called The Step Between, will bear upon its rolling moors a weight of purple as natural, as wild and gentle as that found at Darley Dell or Connemara."

Many years ago Mrs. Yates showed me two stands of lavender heather she had planted near a small pond. Someday I shall try to find them again.

Monogamy, not chastity, for Mute Swans

Dear Editor,

Please don't condemn the mute swan to a life of chastity! What your reporter meant (front page this week) was not that "once it has mated it will never do so again" but that the Mute Swan mates for life and each pair brings up a family each year, usually returning to the same breeding ground and incidentally showing us all a shining example of marital fidelity and family "togetherness".

You may be interested to know that the Mute Swan is also protected in England but before this ruling and today if one is accidentally killed, swans must be offered to the Sovereign, having always been considered royal birds fit for the King's table. Nowadays the Queen never accepts the gift of course!

> Yours faithfully, Janet Nelson

1960 — 15 Years Ago

Mrs Sydney Coffin, of Nantucket, was a guest on the TV progran "Play Your Hunch" on September 7. She was one of the three people trying to fool a panel to guess which person was a bird watcher. Mrs. Coffin, a shy person, was a good sport and managed to give both Nantucket and her column "Bird Tracks" a good bit of publicity.

1836 — 140 Years Ago

Jacob Jones advertised that he had returned to his vocation — "the art and mystery of chimney-sweeping, with its concomittants, whitewashing and housecleaning."

1876 - 100 Years Ago

A Leap Year soiree and centennial dress ball was held at Institute Hall, which was decorated with flags and bunting, with large signs "1776" and "1876" suspended from the ceiling. Powdered braids and high combs enhanced the fancy antique costumes worn by the participants, who found themselves in a smothering snowstorm as they eft the hall in the early morning hours.

1836 — 140 Years Ago

A new avenue was opened through Coffin's Court by the Atlantic Silk Co.'s establishment. It was named Gay Street in compliment to Gamaliel Gay, of Providence, whose ingenuity and skill brought about most of the machinery in use in manufacture of silk.

-0-1926 - 50 Years Ago

The Nantucket Historical Association announced plans for the restoration of the Oldest House, acquired in 1925 from the heirs of the late Tristram Coffin of Poughkeepsie, N.Y. Winthrop Coffin, of Boston, offered to pay the cost of the work and to supervise it himself.

Monday night, March 15, was the first time in the history of the Pacific Club that members enjoyed an evening of cards in the clubroom. Cards were considered taboo at the Club until changing times brought about a change in regulations. The first card game at the Club was auction bridge.

1901 - 75 Years Ago

3 pairs of Mongolian pheasants were liberated here on March 26. The birds were protected by law.

> -0-1951 — 25 Years Ago

Nantucket High School students presented a Square Dance Festival at Bennett Hall, sponsored by the P.T.A. and directed by Charles Stackpole, for the benefit of the Senior Class' trip to Washington. In addition to the square dances, the entertainment featured songs from "Oklahoma", with soloists Doris Richrod, Elmer Davis, Joan Laprade, Ronald Cormie, Betty Cartwright, Barbara Petumenos and Charles Stackpole, among others, and accompanied by a large chorus.

n 1951 - 25 Years Ago

On March 27 the "Siasconset No.", the last of the old hand-pumpers used by the Fire Department, was towed to Town and placed beside "Cataract No.1" in the Fair Street Museum of the Nantucket Historical Association.

1836 - 140 Years Ago

Two of the island's oldest residents died within a few days of each other. Hepsibeth Russell "in the one hundredth year of her age. She was the oldest person in town." Five days later, on April 19, John Baird, age 93, one of the two oldest males in town, passed on.

The Atlantic Silk Co. organized on April 20, 1836, for the production and manufacture of Silk in the County of Nantucket. The Corporation was granted its charter by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. William H. Gardner was the first president, Samuel B. Tuck, treasurer, and S. H. Jenks, clerk. The Directors were Messrs. Gardner, Tuck, William Coffin, S. H. Jenks and George W. Ewer. The "may hold Real Estate to the amount of \$60,000. . . and the whole Capital Stock of said Corporation is not to exceed \$100,000."

> -0-1876 - 100 Years Ago

The new carpet arrived for the Unitarian Church and the ladies of the church promptly went to work sewing up seams. It was estimated that 400 yards of carpet would be necessary to cover the floor.

Odd Fellows' Block on Center Street was re-painted. The Inquirer and Mirror commented that "a little paint makes the old appear new, every time."

> -0-1901 — 75 Years Ago

Ernest H. Jernegan and others of Nantucket petitioned the Southern Massachusetts Telephone Co. to consider laying a cable to Nantucket from Marthas Vineyard, thus connecting it to the mainland.

Maurice W. Boyer, for 10 years with one of the leading photographers in Boston as well as working with Henry Wyer in Nantucket, announced that he had taken rooms on Main Street for a photographic studio. -0-

1926 - 50 Years Ago

Nearly 200 Nantucketers took advantage of the steamship round trip to New Bedford on the holiday to attend the region's Spelling Bee and to root for "Max". Max held up pretty well, being only the 10th to fail out of the 18 contestants. The Spelling Bee was won by a contestant from New Bedford's north school, Leo Goldberg.

Members of the Nantucket Fire Department organized the Nantucket Firemen's Association. The first officers were W. J. Blair, president; Archibald Cartwright, vice-president; George Haddon, secretary, and Thomas Curley, treasurer. The object of the association was to raise funds for the relief of members hurt in the performance of duty, to aid in fire prevention classes, etc.

-0-1951 — 25 Years Ago

Edouard A. Stackpole, on April 16, was awarded a \$3,000 Guggenheim Fellowship. This would allow him to spend a year in research from Virginia to Maine and to Nova Scotia, studying in preparation for a book of New England Whalemen.

The most valuable basketball players at Nantucket High School were Stanley "Bushy" Conway and Bette Terry.

-0-1956 — 20 Years Ago

Linwood E. Proctor was seriously injured when an automatic pistol he was cleaning accidentally discharged. The clip had been removed but Mr. Proctor had forgotten that one bullet remained in the 7.35 mm. German Luger. He managed to get to the phone to call for help and was found to have injuries to the spleen, stomach and lungs. An operation was performed immediately by Drs. Sziklas, Menges and Folger.

Albert A. Fee, Harold Anderson and William B. H. Snow were appointed to the Finance Committee. Mr. Snow was a re-appointment, while the other two replaced Harvey Young and Vernon Hamilton.

The Hyannis Airport Administration Building was completely gutted by fire at 2:30 a.m. on April 19. Everything in the building was -0-

1961 — 15 Years Ago

April 19 — death of George E. Grimes, 92, the State's oldest public official, retired Nantucket Weather Bureau Observer and a member of the Board of Assessors.

Work was started on laying the concrete, curb at the Rotary Milestone, to enclose the "James Coffin Memorial"

8 Nantucket Scouts and leaders became members of the Order of the Arrow at Camp Greenough on Cape Cod. The group were William Barrett, David Lawrence, Brian Legg, Bruce King, Joseph Rezendes III, Richard Ray, District Scout Commissioner Edgar T. Lindstrom and Edgar J. Bowen, vice-chairman of the district committee.

Observers Record 87 Species 1951 Of Birds on Island.

During a two-day watch on the island over the Memorial Day weekend, four birders from Worcester and vicinity noted 87 different kinds of birds, told me that she was raising a baby which is believed to be a record for such a short period. In 1950, 77 species were recorded by observers.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip B. Heywood of Worcester, who have a house at 3 Weymouth Street, and their guests, blown away by the wind and the Mr. and Mrs. Leslie A. Campbell of rain — the weather was quite Belchertown, made the recent findings. stormy last Friday — but it is also Mr. Campbell is chief of the Quabbin Reservoir and is considered one the nest because the mother quail of the best bird watchers in the East. did not want her to find it; quails Mr. Heywood told this paper that the are extraordinarily clever at list beats by 15 or 20 the number of concealing their nests.

Mabel said she knew the quail birds found by parties in past years.

Great Point, Smith's Point, Eel Point and the Commons were among places visited. The group did not list a humming bird, a mocking bird, of an oriole, all of which have been sighted here this spring.

Rarities included eight crossbills, both white-winged and red, and one Canada goose. Others with only one specimen were: American scoter, red-breasted merganser, Hudsonian curlew, Eastern willet, least sandpiper, red-breasted nuthatch, house wren, red-eyed vireo, parula warbler, ovenbird, and blue grosbeak.

In twos were great blue heron, green heron, killdeer, golden, plover, upland plover, eastern dowitcher, brown thrasher, yellow warbler, bay-breasted warbler, pine warbler. In threes: spotten sandpiper, semi-palmated sandpiper, mourning dove, wood pewee, cliff swallow, blue jay, magnolia warbler, American redstart.

Other species: six double-creasted cormorants, 22 gannets, 20 blackcrowned night heron, eight black ducks, six white-winged scoters, 11 red-tailed hawks, 20 marsh hawks, Or those the crested wave serenely bear; four sparrow hawks, six bob-whites, Between opposing groups their sentinels fly, eight piping ploved, four greater yeleight piping ploved, four greater yel-low legs, six short-eared owls, 10 And cry a joyous welcome to the storm! flickers, six black-capped chickadees, They revel hold, with winds that wildest blow six bluebirds, four black-poll warblers, Their pulses beat with ocean's ebb and flow; 20 goldfinch.

In profusion were: ring-necked scene, pheasant, black-bellied plover, ruddy And whirling snow-flakes fall with glittering turnstones, sanderlings, great blackbacked gulls, herring gulls, laughing
While Coatue's coast its icy boundary hides;
Where, through the summer days, the cactus
Basom, Genesee Co., N. Y.
April, 1916. eate tern, least tern, chimney swift, Now calm, now storm; each have in turn, their American three-toed woodpecker, prairie horned lark, tree swallows, And we, the creatures of too brief a day, bank swallows, barn swallows, crows, Look outward, ever, as through magic glass, catbirds, robins, starlings, northern To scan the changing visions as they pass; yellow-throat, English sparrows, red- While nature glories in her mystic power; wings, bronzed grackle, cowbirds, Sa- Gleams in the iceberg; blushes in the flower. vannah sparrows, grasshopper spar- Nantucket, Dec. 1890. rows, song sparrows, and red-eyed towhee.

Raising of baby quail

By Sydney Coffin 1970

A week ago, last Friday, when I was down town, I happened to meet Mabel Depue of Quidnet, who quail. She told me that she had searched everywhere, over and over, for the quail's nest, but could not find it anywhere. Of course it might have been a frail structure, possible that Mabel could not find

was very young when she found it, because it still had its egg tooth, that little horn or spur at the end vegetation. of its bill which drops off, according to Forbush, about three many advantages over the chemical days after the chick is hatched.

I asked Mabel how whe was the kind that human babies eat. I asked if he seemed to like them, and she said, yes, he did. She has torn up a lot of little bits of paper to put in his box, and at night time first part of July. he burrows under a pile of papers and disappears.

THE WILD DUCK. 189/ CAROLINE PARKER HILLS.

A wavering line of black, floats in the cove; The ducks from Arctic clime already rove; And some will swim, and some will hovering

Unmindful of the dark, tempestous sky; And in their swiftest flight, most venturous

They heed not threatening winds, with accents

These feathered squadrons, drifting through the

To ward off danger, should a foe be nigh; The creeping mist comes now, to shroud the

sheen;

play.

The Ladybird is assisting Island gardeners

The Ladybird Beetle is making a big hit on Nantucket. This small insect, commonly known as the Ladybug, is being used instead of chemicals to rid gardens of other damaging insects. They are imported, in one case, coming from Auburn, California.

The ladybug has a voracious appetite, eating a variety of insects, eggs, larvae etc. Among those which the bug destroys are the fruit scales, mealybugs, bollworm, leaf worm, leafhoppers, fleahoppers and corn ear worm. On some of these she destroys only the eggs and larvae as the adults are too large for her to handle. She is carnivorous, and does not harm

This new biological control has control. Also using biological control methods, the beneficial feeding her little quail, and she said insects are left to survive and she was giving him baby cereals, multiply, eventually gaining the control or balance which nature intended. On Nantucket the Ladybug should be released between the middle of June to the

THE ROBIN.

by Rev. Phebe A. Hanaford.

Welcome! red-breasted bird of Spring! Thou herald of bright days! Thou speakest of the verdant fields Which soon will meet our gaze

The bursting leaf buds come with thee. The lawn is green once more; With every song, the robin tells Grim Winter's reign is o'er.

The winter has its blessings, But Spring is far more dear. With bursting buds, and sweet Mayflowers, And Robin's song of cheer.

Then hail! thou beauteous harbinger Of those delightful days, When fields and gardens bud and blcom Beneath the summer rays!

'The long, bright days are coming''! The Robin's song declares; And in his joyous greeting Each grateful hearer shares

We hail the buds and flowers. Our grateful praises soar; While "Robin-Redbreast" sings aloud, "Grim Winter's reign is o'er!"

1973

Nantucketers have been reporting the appearance of the monk parrot at their feeders recently. The birds, which escaped en route to an aviary, are proving to be not only spectacular additions to bird feeders, but are in danger of becoming as great a nuisance as are the starlings and cowbirds. In particular, last weekend, both the Edouard Stackpoles and Charles J. Lipscomb reported the bird at their feeders - no doubt the same bird as Mr. Lipscomb lives just across the street from the Stackpoles.

Harbingers.

There was a little ground hog Who peeked from his hold: He thought he saw his shadow, And the air was cold.

He pulled his little nose inside And thus he did sing: "For six more weeks I'll hide away Until it cometh Spring."

There were many little pussies, Strong and bold, Swinging high on the twigs Though the air was cold.

Snuggled in their gray fur coats, Cunning as could be, Gleaming in the Winter sun: A Pussy-willow tree.

A snow-drop and a crocus Smiled across the bed: "Winter's dropping fast astern, And Spring is just ahead."

Ruth Haviland Sutton

The Grey Gull.

Above the wharf in shadowed light A sudden motion stirs the air,
And in the silver moonlit night
A lone grey gull is circling there.

It dips and rises gracefully And glides at ease on wing. It rides the water restfully . . . I hear it shriek but never sing.

Of all the plaintive cries I've heard Throughout the land or on the sea I think I've never known a bird
To pierce so deep the heart of me. -Martha Carolyn Sparrow. 110 Main Street, Nantucket, Mass.

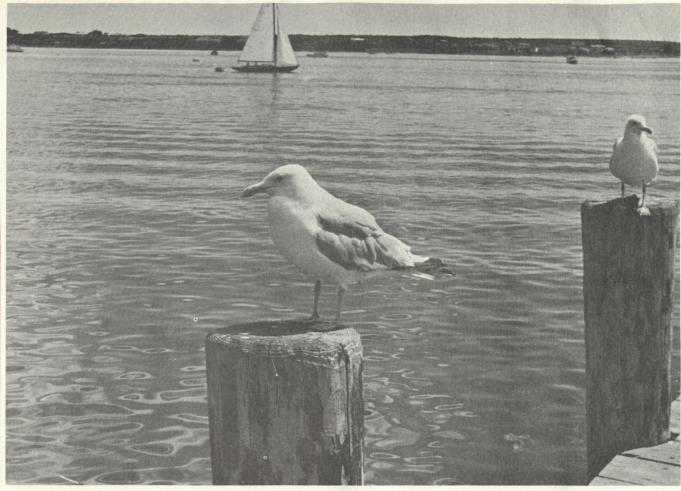
Wild Roses in Nanucket.

I know a fairy Far-Away-Land Where the Roses outnumber the Stars, Wild Roses dancing a light Saraband, Wild Roses not prisoned in jars. They blossom all over in Far-Away-Land On commons, by roadside, by sea, So pink to the gaze, so frail to the hand-Wild Roses to greet you and me!

They carpet the moors in Far-Away-Land, They sway in Atlantic's breezes, They edge right up to the Ocean's strand, Think nought of the fog as it teases. They blossom all over in Far-Away-Land-How gently they bow ic all sailors! If anyone passes they chant in a band: "Wild Roses! We are the whalers!"

"Each one of us here is a memory sweet Of a Whaleman gone to His Skipper, Of a Whaler who manfully hauled on the sheet All the way to the Cross from the Dipper. Wild Roses, we all in our memory keep The time-honored hail: 'Thar she blows,' Of Leviathan wrested aloft from the Deep, Of peril and venture with floes."

"We beg you be happy in Far-Away-Land And thoughtful of Whalemen long gone. You may cull us in wending your way to the sand, With our memories take us along! Wild Roses we'll grow till the last Summer ends While the sons of the Whalemen protect us And the Skipper Up Yon His Lifeline extends To our Captains -who'll ever direct us!"



Photograph by Louis S. Davidson

feeding stations at their home in Shimmo last weekend. Although not rare on Nantucket, the pretty little birds are unusual enough to cause more than normal interest when they are seen.

The first Mayflowers in full bloom were brought in to the I & M office by "Brownie" last Friday. Although not the "first of the season", they were the first to be officially reported.

The Carroll Smiths reported an Indigo Bunting at one of their

Idle Fisherman



2-2

Graceful swans attract the camera as they slowly swim along a salt water creek.



Motorists traveling the Madaket Road in the Long Pond area have stopped to admire the family of swans that has recently declared this to be their home. Shown, with pinions spread as though for a take-off, is the mother swan, followed closely by her brood of baby swans, or cygnets. Off in the brake somewhere is the father swan, known as a cob.

Young Mute Swan killed by speed boat 1975

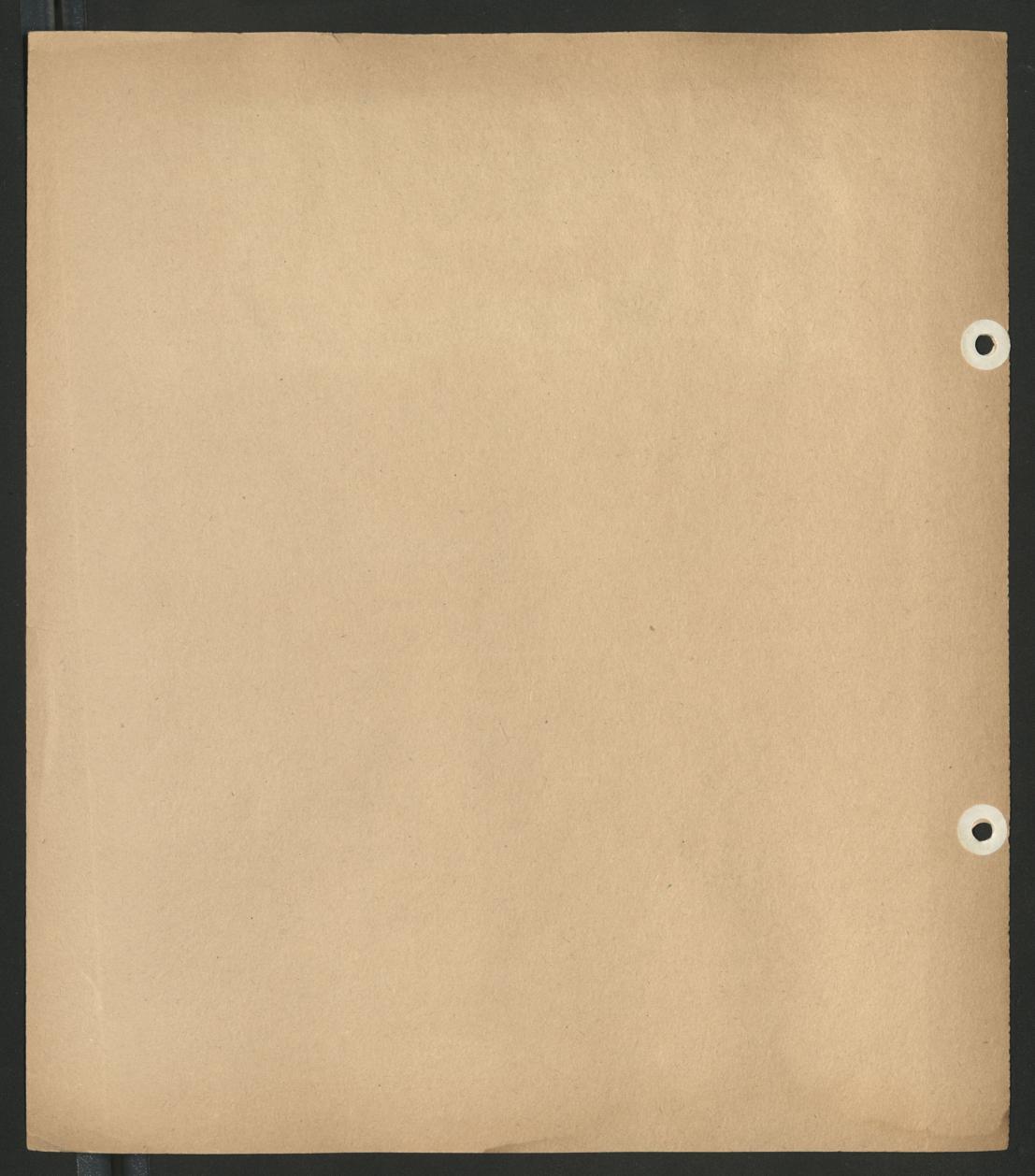
According to State Fish and Game Warden Edward Metcalf, a young Mute swan was killed in a boating accident Tuesday evening just outside of the Boat Basin.

Either through negligence or excessive speed, a juvenile operating a Boston Whaler ran over one of the four young birds following their mother on one of their frequent patrols of the Harbor. Because of the boy's age, no action was taken against him. Had he been older, he would have been charged with operating the boat with negligence.

The Mute swan is protected under State Fish and Wildlife laws. The tragedy of the accident was the youth of the bird which was killed: Metcalf said that it takes three years for the Mute Swan to grow to maturity, and, once it has mated, it will never do so again.



The Knox chemical fire engine — first legalized automobile on Nantucket.



If anyone ever thought that clergymen were well paid, they should have been at the Selectmen's meeting last night when Rt. Rev. James Hayes, who refers to himself as a Bishop-Priest of a religious cult, appeared before the Board to inquire as to whether the town had ever adopted a law, approved in the late 1800's and amended in 1902, which provides that the town must pay a person who presides at a wedding the sum of .25 cents for each wedding ceremony he

The Selectmen were taken back by the question and all admitted & they had never heard of such a law. Chairman Kenneth W. Holdgate asked, "Do you mean you want us to pay you a quarter for performing a marriage ceremony?"

Rev. Hayes said he wasn't insisting on collecting the quarter but he was interested in knowing if the law was adopted by the town and if so who would pay him the money. Chairman Holdgate said he was not going to waste his time looking up the matter and he added that there was no money appropriated for a marriage fee by IF THEY CAME IN THE WINTER ... the town incerning and the law was still on the books.

The arrival of the pair on horseback was the signal for a loud demonstration of welcome by their friends. Mrs. Holmwood, a divorced 150 to 200 persons, many of them mother of four, was also greeted by her children, James, 13, William, others who were just simply 11, Amy, 9, and Michael, 7, who

After being helped from the horse, the bride and groom were escorted to the sandy beach and all Mrs. Lillian Holmwood of were requested to sit crossed-legged Philadelphia and Nantucket was on the sand during the brief

ceremony. The Bishop intoned these words: five seconds by James Hayes of "We are here to witness two people Boston and San Francisco, who demonstrate their love for each other by this marriage." The bride Brothers and Sisters in the and groom then placed rings on each others finger and the BBishop then said, "I pronounce you man

and wife." The couple then locked arms in a tight embrace and fell backward on the sand where they remained for a few minutes. This was supposed to be part of the ceremony. Afterwards a reception was held on the beach where the bride and groom received the well wishes of their friends.

Following the publicity given the The groom was dressed in a long wedding in mainland newspapers, black frock coat with tails and wore Town Clerk Charles Clark Coffin an Ascot tie. He had on shorts and said he received a telephone call what appeared to be tennis shoes from Edward Kloza, director of the His long hair was neatly combed Bureau of Vital Statistics in the and was held in place by a garland office of the Secretary of the Commonwealth, asking about the qualifications of Bishop Hayes to perform marriage ceremonies in this

state. Kloza asked the town clerk to Hayes said he was a Methodis forward a copy of the marriage Bishop and that he had received return when it is filed in the town permission from the Secretery clerk's office. Mr. Coffin said that States' office to perform the all he could tell Kloza was that ceremony.

AND BICYCLISTS. NANTUCKET HAS MORE BICYCLES (AND COBBLESTONES) THAN PEOPLE. WHENEVER A SPEEDER APPEARS performs.
THERE'S A SHAKE UP IN THE POLICE The Se

WHO WEAR ILLEGAL ATTIRE ON INDIA STREET OR TRADER'S LANE.

THE WORST LAW BREAKERS ON THE ISLAND ARE YOUNG LADIES

STRANGERS ARE CAREFULLY SCREENED AS THEY STEP OFF THE BOAT ---

BUT ONLY BECAUSE QUIETTYPE MOVIE STARS SOMETIMES DROP IN.

THE RICH SUMMER RESIDENTS ARE ISLAND FOR A TEN WEEKS REST.

THEY WOULD GET EVEN MORE REST

THE ONLY TIME THE NATIVES ACT UP IS WHEN THE FERRY QUITS RUNNING

THEREISN'T ENOUGH CRIME ON NANTUCKET TO WARRANT A BIG POLICEMAN.

NANTUCKET TOWN MEETING MAKES IT LEGAL FOR NANTUCKET POLICE

OFFICERS TO BE ONE INCH SHORTER

THAN MAINLAND COPS. (HEWSTIEM)



THEY HAVE TO EAT AN AWFUL LOT OF FISH DURING THOSE PERIODS.

MAY 31,1970

Sunny skies, blue waters, and an unusual wedding at Cisco Beach Saturday



Just as the wedding ceremony at Cisco Beach was about to begin, Bishop Hayes asked the groom, Peter A. Hall, for the marriage license and Hall, pulling on his whiskers, asked himself, "What did I do with it?" He found the license in his pocket and after producing it was married to Mrs. Lillian Holmwood, who is smiling at him.

All of the excitement in Nantucket last Saturday morning was concentrated at the public beach at Cisco where approximately of the so-called hippie type and curious, gathered to witness one of arrived early at the beach. the most unusual weddings that ever occurred here.

On the sands of Cisco Beach, married to Peter A. Hall of Nantucket in the matter of four or described himself as Bishop to the Resistence and the Armed Forces of the Community of Jesus Christ.

The bride and groom made a spectacular appearance at the scene of their wedding, riding over a rutted road on a single horse that was led by a friend of the couple. Mrs. Holmwood was attired in a maxi-length brown beach coat with a wide-brim hat adorned with yellow tulips. She held a bouquet of wild flowers. She was in her bare

meeting payers to well said for the n article

remain Clerk or question ystery for



The stately white pine forest off the Old South Road has been recently visited by State Foresters who have inspected November 8th, 1912, when the place for recreation. 1970

OCTOBER 8, 1970



A group of nine local sportsmen returned yesterday from a 10-day hunting trip to James Bay in the northern part of Canada spent shooting geese. They report they had a very successful and enjoyable trip. In the group were, left to right, Albert L. Silva, Charles Clark Coffin, James Bartsch, Robert McGrath, Elmore Taylor, Maxwell T. Ryder, Kenneth W. Holdgate, Charles Fisher and James K. Glidden.

State Forest Lands Go Back To Year 1912

The recent work in clearing areas of the State Forest areas, off the Old South Road, known locally as the State Pines, has brought up history of this development. While there will always be theories concerning the extent and growth of native timber trees on Nantucket the presence of the pines may be traced with certainty, as it has been recorded that two men, Josiah Sturgis and Captain Edward Gardner planted groves of pine seedlings from Cape Cod in Nantucket a century and a quarter ago.

Thoreau, during his visit to Nantucket, mentioned the pine groves, and noted the scraggly yellow pine and its indifferent growth. An area near Hummock Pond also became the site of one of these pine groves, as did that section on Crooked Lane, known for years as Crosby's Pines.

In an interesting report issued last year by the Nantucket Conservation Foundation is the following:

"The history of this land as State Forest Land, dates from November 8th, 1912, when the two parcels of land in the so-called "Sturgis Pine Lands" to the Commonwealth for forestry experimentation. The deeds show that in selling the land to the Commonwealth for one dollar (\$1.00) for forestry experimentation, there was included an agreement to permit the League to repurchase the land within then (10) years at the price it was sold to the Commonwealth plus the latters expenditures thereon. These two parcels of land totalled approximately 33.725 acres and 47 and one quarter acres of land respectively."

The League never re-purchased the land in question, although the "Committee on Pine Lands" remained active for many years and made annual reports. In 1924, its report read, "Your committee on Pine Lands begs leave to report as follows. There has been no activity on the part of the State in this district for a number of years except an occasional visit of an indivdual representative of the Massachusetts Forestry Association

for the purpose of taking note of the growth and condition of the young seedlings in the several sections of pine lands deeded to the State by the Civic League for the cultivation of a better variety of Pines that the scrub pines planted many years ago. The experiment has proven very successful and today we have a fine grove of beautiful young white pines growing on the plot in the rear of the Agri cultural Fair Grounds, and v sincerely trust that no freak nature or careless Man will intel fere with their growth for the our future generations will enjoy a noble forest which will not on be an ornament to the island, but rightly managed will also be source of income.

We have been much disturbed by the recent avtivity State Road lest they disturbed few surviving trees set out a fell years ago by the State along the sides of the road, we were afraid that in making the road very much wide than the old, it would disturb the young trees, but I am informed by the party in charge that they will not be disturbed, we hope this is true.

"A slight fire started by some campers a short time ago destroyed some seventy-five young trees. We would recommend the League take some action to place this matter before the public to try to get the citizens of the town to cooperate with the League to preserve these beautiful trees, it is a fact that we now have to employ a patrol to prevent people from cutting these young trees for Christmas trees. It is a shame that this has to be done."

During the early 1930's a good deal of work in clearing up the underbrush in the State Pines was done through the interest and direction of the late William J. Blair improving the appearance of the grove of white pines to a market degree.





NANTUCKET FIREPLACE

Paul F. Whitten



Tom Nevers looking northeast

1974



Surfside, looking northeast

1974

FOLGER FINED AGAIN

Judge Fitz-Randolph Finds Clinton S. Folger Guilty of Further Violation of Auto-Exclusion Ordinance. Court-room Crowded at Interesting Trial.

Notwithstanding the fact that the trial was held during "Nantucket's supper hour," the court-room was packed to the doors Tuesday afternoon, when two more charges were preferred against Clinton S. Folger for violation of the selectmen's automobile-exclusion order. The intense interest which the automobile controversy has created drew several hundred persons to the court-room and a number of ladies were in evidence. Long before the hour set for hearing the case—4.50 o'clock—standing room was at a premium, and for a full hour the crowd waited the pleasure of the court, many persons being unable to gain entrance even to the stairway.

William A. Moree, the town counsel, who appeared in behalf of the selectmen, was delayed somewhat and Judge Fitz-Rand, in did not have

United States. The court admitted the records as evidence, and Selectman Chase was questioned as to the the procedure of the board in carrying out the exclusion order.

"Was this ordinance passed by the selectmen submitted to the Highway Commissioners?" asked Mr. Morse. highway leading between town and

"It was."

"Did the commissioners pass approval upon it?"

"They did."

"Was a copy of this regulation there is every element of doubt in his brought to the attention of the defend- favor, because the selectmen's excluant, Mr. Folger?"

"It was. I mailed a copy to him."

in accordance with the statutes. A sonable doubt. This man should not be put to the trouble and expense of appealing to the higher courts, when the selectmen's regulation is not in accordance with the statutes as they stand

to present the testimony.

Judge Fitz-Randolph then referred to his decision of last week, again announcing that inasmuch as the lower courts had nothing to do with passing upon the constitutionality of a law, it was not within his province to consider the question. He thereupon stated that he would find Folger guilty of violation of the regulation upon both oscasions alleged, but would withhold the fine until after Mr. Morse presented the testimony he desired, by which he intended to show that "extenuat-

tually excluded autos from the state

with a criminal offense, and I claim

sion order is unconstitutional and not

ing circumstances' warranted a severe penalty.

Witnesses called to the stand included Clara Brownell, Chief of Police Gibbs, Clinton Orpin, Horace E. Spencer and Hugh Lumbert. The testimony introduced was in a way entertaining, as it revealed certain features of "joy rides" in Folger's machine, when he had rented it for hire-the same as he would rent a horse and carriage and accompany the party as

After the examination of these witnesses was concluded. Mr. Morse rested the case, stating that he did not "Did you see him operating his care to introduce any more evidence. He then made his argument for the purpose of showing why Folger should receive a severe sentence.

"I am here, if it please Your Honor," said he, "representing the selectmen of Nantucket. I am here representing what I believe is a large majority of the people of Nantucket. I have come this great distance not because of a matter of fine or sentence, but because I believe great principles are involved in this case. As counsel for this town and friend of its people, I am interested in this momentous question, and I want to see the honor and dignity of Nantucket upheld. The proceedings of this court should command weight and respect and we should bear in mind that it is often on small matters in the world that great decisions rise.



The "Horsemobile" making connections on Beach street, Mr. Folger adjusting the "transmission" (the rope). In the background stand John C. Ring, Jr., Charlie Lawrence, Charles Talford, Ernest Barney and two or three interested lads. The man in the foreground (wearing fur coat) is Charles Jackson, a mechanician from Falmouth who came down to overhaul the machine.

5.30 o'clock. The defendant pleaded not guilty to both charges, one of which cited December 15 as the date an offense was committed and the other named the 16th, when Folger drove away from the court-house in his machine. The first case had been continued at the request of the defendant, that he might obtain counsel, and as a like offense was alleged in each complaint, Judge Fitz-Randolph heard them together.

The first witness examined was Walter N. Chase, secretary of the selectmen, who was on hand with the record books of the board, which contained the vote passed when the selectmen adopted the exclusion order. Counsel for the defendant objected to the admission of the records as evidence, deiming the state eastwary to Article 1 of the Constitution of Massachusetts and also to the Fourteenth Amendment of the Constitution of the

They were upon every street excourt called until his arrival about cluded and upon the corner of every street intersecting."

Selectman Hull was next in order. "Did you make the complaint

against Mr. Folger for violation of the automobile ordinance?"

"I did."

machine on Beach street?"

"I did."

"On the 15th of December?"

"Yes."

"At what hour?"

"About 2.30 in the afternoon."

Selectman Holmes testified that he aw Folger operating his machine on Broad and South Water streets on the 16th at 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

Mr. Morse at this point desired to introduce a bit of sensational evidence, but the court would not admit it until after decision had been rendered, as it was intended to affect the punishment to be meted out should the defendant be declared guilty. Mr.



Folger's "Horsemobile" starting out on its trip to 'Sconset.



The "Horsemobile" just as it passed onto the State Highway last Saturday afternoon, with a full quota of passengers.

Report of the Address by Rev. M. S. Dudley, entitled

A Talk on the World's Fair.

BY GRACE B. GARDNER.

I would like to have taken the whole there in imagination.

ing the Fair, but this is the ideal way.

The Fair grounds are not in the heart of the city of Chicago, but some seven city pier to the grounds. They were laid out by Frederick Law Olmsted, who lives in Brookline. He laid out the Central Park in New York, a's.

We soon come in sight of the "White City." The first building we notice is that of Liberal Arts. It is the largest building in the world. It covers 30 acres of ground, and is built of staff and iron. It was built in the short space of two years. A few rods away the buildings which are made of staff look much like marble. Anyone can make staff; it is made of plaster of Paris, a little cement, and hemp fibre. You take a mould and put on a layer of plaster of Paris, with a very little cement, (not enough to color the plaster), and then some hemp fibre. Next they put on an outer layer of plaster with just enough cement to make it adhere to the plaster.

The pier comes out nearly half a mile into the lake; it is quite a distance for people to walk, especially when one is going to spead the whole day in walking around the Fair Grounds. It was quite a problem in the minds of the managers how to transport people from the end of the pier to the grounds, until some one invented a movable sidewalk, You sit down in a chair, and are carried to the grounds without moving a step. There are two movable sidewalks. One is an express and the other is an accomadation.

We step off the movable sidewalk, and come to a colounade made of at ff. There are two rows of pillars with enough space between them for five or six people to walk abreast. This is called the Peristyle. At one end is the Casino, +n i at the of er is the Music Hall. The Casino is a delightful place in which to rest, after the farigue of the day. In the Music Hall entertainments are given.

If we step through the central aren of the Peristyle and look back we shall see the names of all the States, and rows of statuary extending along the top of the Peristyle. In the centre is a beautiful group of statuary representing Columbus as the Discoverer. The Court of Honor is very beautiful. It contains much fine statuary.

Before us is a statue. It faces the west. ("Westward the course of the empire takes its way.") It is a statue of the Republic. To the right of us ithe building of Liberal Arts, rising far aloft. Further to the right is the building of Electricity, and the building of school to Chicago with me. But this Mines and Miners. We can see other was not possible. I can only take you buildings farther off. On the left is the building of Agriculture, with statues on We go to the fair by the way of top representing Atlas holding the water. There are other ways of reach- world on his shoulders. Farcher toward the west is Machinery Hall and Annex. Directly opposite us is the Administration building. The great dome towers miles away. We take a boat from the above every other building in the Fair grounds. It is a grand edifice. The people who control the fair have their offices here. To the south, west and north is the lagoon, crossed by many bridges. Let us go along the north and west fronts of the Agricultural building. We come to a colonnade connecting that building with Machinery Hall. We go upstairs to reach the centre of this colonnade. To the front is an obelisk copied after Cleopatra's needle on the Thames embankment in London. In front of this is the lagoon. Far away to the north is a building with a dome, somewhat resembling that of the Administration building, only smaller. This is the Illinois building.

But the central point of interest is the Court of Honor. Along the parapets of the lagoon and bridges are groups of statuary, mostly of animals; deer, polar bears, lions, tigers, and others.

As we go back and stand in front of the Peristyle, looking westward we see a fountain. There is a sheet of water flowing from the fountain into the lagoon, giving one the impression that the lagoon is supplied by this fountain. To the left are two other fountains, and from many points the water spurts in jets from two to ten feet high.

Captain Coffin Recalls Wreck of Bark Hazard in 1881.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

It was with keen interest that I read the account of the loss of the bark Hazard in the columns of the Mirror of January 25th. My father was one of the crew of the Nantucket Lightship (then called the South Shoal Lightship) and as a boy of 15 I listened attentively to all the stories connected with the loss of the Hazard, and the rescue of a part of her crew.

The raft that second mate Olsen had constructed was sighted early in the afternoon of February 15th by Roland Spencer, the youngest member of the lightship crew. Spencer was said to have had keen eye-sight and was generally the first to raise a sail, or wreckage, even to a dead whale.

His sighting of this raft was treated at first as if he had seen an ordinary piece of wreckage, but Spencer insisted he could see a man on it, even to his waving something. Late in the afternoon, Capt. James decided to send a boat to the object.

After the two men had been taken from the raft, it was decided to cut the body of the dead seaman loose from the raft, as they did not care to take it to the ship. After they had rowed towards the ship, Spencer declared he could still see the body floating on the surface of the ocean, so the boat put back and found that the air in the oil-skin clothing was keeping the dead seaman afloat. The clothing was cut and the body sunk.

There was a period of gloom aboard the Lightship, but Sheridan, one of the rescued men, proved a valuable addition to the crew, as he was a witty Irishman and a good singer, and so the crew was even more lonely when he left the ship.

In those days a ship-wreck was a very important event to the boys of my time, and ship-wrecked sailors were hailed as heroes. We always knew where to find them-the crewat the American House, and the captains and officers at the store of Joseph B. Macy, on Straight Wharfknown to the boys as "Joe B's."

At the American House we were allowed to look in through the dining room windows. Mr. Macy was a kindly gentleman and, as an underwriter's agent, he would get all the facts from the captains of stranded vessels.

Mr. Macy would allow a few in his small office, then he would come to the door and say: "Boys, I'm sorry, but the room is full."

Olsen and Sheridan were taken to the American House, and in the evening a delegate from No. 4's Engine Company came and took them to the Club room. Boys of my age were not allowed in No. 4's, but as my father was one of the Lightship crew, I was admitted on that evening.

And how I did drink in all that was said by those two sailors, especially their description of building the raft that saved their lives-no doubt having vision of when I might have to build one.

Olsen told of how he got the spar lashed and had them partly over the rail amidships, and a tackle from the main yard for launching. Then he gathered together gratings, and planks that had been used for beds for the long-boat.

Then he told of a heavy sea lifting a hatch loose, and if it had not been for that hatch they never could have held on to the raft, as he had it well lashed and lines to all corners of the

Olsen was a fine specimen of a mate with a heavy mustache and ruddy complexion. He wore a short pea jacket, fur coat, and red handkerchief around his neck (called by one of the No. 4 boys a Western Ocean muffler.) He was surely a hero in our young minds. Sincerely yours,

Everett B. Coffin. 3506 Beach Drive,

Seattle, Wash.

Eclipse Fans Jam Nantucket

By Ken O. Botwright. Globe Staff

NANTUCKET — About half of the 447 passengers who trooped off the steamer from the mainland here yesterday afternoon looked like members of an arctic expedition. The rest resembled refugees from the Woodstock festival.

But in fact they comprised the vanguard of close to 4500 visitors expected on this little island resort to witness today's total eclipse of the sun.

If the forecast of mostly clear weather holds up, this venerable community of stately whaling mansions, grey-shingled cottages and cobbled streets should prove the best eclipse watching spot on the Atlantic seaboard. And the pilgrims should be rewarded with the space spectacular of the age when the moon's shadow obscures the sun at 1:46 p.m. for two minutes, six seconds.

Most passengers off the S.S. Nantucket were young—students in their teens and twenties—with wind-blown hair and beards. Garbed in jeans, army surplus and blanket shawls, they toted guitars, sleeping bags and cameras.

Their older shipmates were bundled up in fur-lined parkas or heavy overcoats. They also sported cameras—and some led little children and big dogs.

Taxi driver Alvin Peterson, a portly man in a red and black lumberjacket, watched fascinated as the assortment of people disembarked, chattering about lens speeds and how and where to watch the eclipse.

"Biggest crowd of off-islanders I ever seen since the Fourth of July," he said.



ECLIPSE-VIEWERS CARRYING VARIETY OF GEAR LEAVE NANTUCKET STEAMER



Nantucket I sland View

By JOHN NOBLE WILFORD

American continent yesterday as the sun, moon and earth fell into alignment for a solar eclipse, one of nature's rarest spectacles.

Nantucket View Ideal

By JAMES MAHONY War 7, 1970

NANTUCKET-"Spectacular . . . Unbelievable . . . Fantastic . . . Breathtaking."

Those were some of the words used to describe the total eclipse over Nantucket Island yesterday. And they applied equally well to the mammoth sea and air traffic jams that choked the island with thousands of visitors.

Nantucket and Monomoy Island were the only places in New England where the eclipse was total. And why did eclipse watchers come to Nantucket, when they could stay home and see a 99 per cent eclipse?

Because, said Bradford Washburn, director of the Boston Museum of Science, "there is all the difference in the world" between 99 per cent and totality.

As for Bradford Washburn, the man who thought of the Eclipse Special, he was thrilled beforehand with the thought of seeing his second total eclipse. And he was equally thrilled afterward.

"You can't beat perfection," he said.

But for the most part the huge throng at the airport came to Nantucket to see what Washburn described as "one of the great sights" of a lifetime.

The shadow caused by the moon crossing the face of the sun swept a northeasterly path from southern Mexico up the east coast of the United States and out past the maritime provinces of Canada.

The total eclipse, first one to be seen over heavily populated areas of the U.S. since 1925, was greeted with curiosity and passing awe and in the holiday spirit of thousands of sightseers crowding beaches, towns and islands where the viewing was most favorable.

Where the eclipse was total, the sun disappeared and a bright irregular halo appeared around the black disc of the moon. The halo-the boiling gases of the sun's outer atmosphere, or corona—is clearly visible only during total eclipses.

Along most of the eclipse's path of totality, except in the southeastern United States and in Nova Scotia, the skies were generally clear so that both astronomers and ordinary sightseers could get a good look at what has been called the "eclipse of the century."

Its occurrence, long predicted and prepared for, neither stopped nor started wars, as some ancients believed.

The airport manager, Frederick H. Smith, said there were 250 private planes parked at the airport and another 40 at Miacomet Golf Club, where there is a private landing strip.

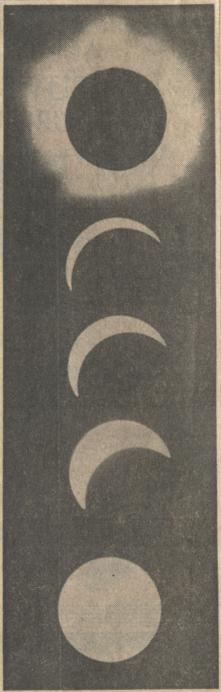
At 12:55, there were 40 planes waiting to land. The airport closed, and planes were directed to Martha's Vineyard to view the eclipse from there.

STATE POLICE Sgt. Richard Bellevue had all available men handling bumper-to bumper traffic. Two fire trucks were stationed at the airport in case of an emergency, along with a Coast Guard plane and Explorer Post 95, a search and rescue unit to provide first aid and ambulance service.

TOHN NOBLE WILFORD

York Times News Service.

A strange midday darkness moved across much of the North nerican continent yesterday as the sun, moon and earth fell into nament for a solar eclipse, one of nature's revest spectacles.



Sequence photos of eclipse were taken by Herald Traveler Photographer Warren Patriquin on Nantucket with 500C Hasselblad camera equipped with a 250 mm. Sonnar lens, on Kodak Tri-X film, F4.5 at 1/500 sec. with an exposed piece of film as a filter. The total eclipse picture was taken at F5.6 at 1/125 sec. without filter.

There was, too. An eerie darkness crept over the land. Some women said they felt light-headed. Shadow bands flickered across the white walls of a shed at Nantucket

Then seconds before totality, the planet Venus burst into view to the left and above the darkened sun.

There was a fleeting glimpse of Baily's Beads the sun shining through the jagged edges caused by the moon's mountains - then a sudden brilliant flare on the upper right corner of the sun.

This was the spectacular Diamond Ring. The sunburst at one side and a circlet of light around the moon.

"ISN'T IT GLORIOUS," cried Washburn. Then, to the spectators around. "See the sunset. All the way around."

And there it was - around every inch of the horizon the sky glowing as though there were a setting sun.

It was dark. The lights at Nantucket airport were turned on. Automobiles in town had their headlights on. It was early afternoon, 1:46 p.m., to be exact, but it was dark.

Now, in addition to the brilliant Venus, you could see the planet Mercury dimly glowing to the right and below the eclipse. The corona of the sun flared out, only one five hundred thousandths as brilliant as the sun, but a never to be forgotten sight.

CAMERAS OF ALL types clicked on all sides. From men, women and children gathered at Nantucket Airport came a steady stream of exclamations: "Exciting. Isn't it thrilling. I'll never forget it."

Totality was coming to a close. Once again the brilliant Diamond Ring flared and was

Hundreds of persons burst into applause. Auto horns honked appreciation of nature's lavish display.

In seconds, it seemed the sky was brighter. The gulls that had flown to the moors suddenly reappeared. The shadow that was on the land grew lighter and everything seemed more normal.

BUT IT WAS FAR from normal in the Nantucket Airport tower. There extra traffic controllers were trying to cope with a problem they never had before and never wanted again. Planes were stacked all around the island before the eclipse and there was a runaway traffic jam afterward.

The runways, said a Nantucket fire captain, were like the Southeast Expressway. With planes taking off at 20 to 30 second intervals, there still was nearly a 30 minute wait for takeoff by a Northeast Airlines Eclipse special that carried Washburn, newsmen and the general public to view the phenomenon.

There were 1,000 flights in and out of the little airport





the ice extended a couple miles to the southard from the south shore of the island, as well as across the Sound to the north. Two large New Bedford fishermen who had



come im Tuesday, to escape the easterly breeze that went up the coast Wednesday became trapped here by the ice. The M.V. "Uncatena" was able to get in Tuesday, but low

temperatures and strong 'nor-west winds packed the ice against the north side of the island and in between the jetties so she was unable to get in again till Sunday.

b Thursday the Coast Guard sent Their tug "Towline" over and she managed to get into the harbor. Friday the "Towline" tried to break out so the "Uncatena" could get in and the fishermen could get out. They were able to get about as far as the end of the eastern jetty and then stuck and had to turn back into the harbor. The "Uncatena" came over Thursday and Friday and when about a mile and a half off the jetties, hung up and finally had to turn back for Woods Hole. Thursday, though the "Towline" was able to break her way in, the 'Uncatena'' was unable to follow her through the heavy ice.

Sunday a light to moderate sou'west wind came and slacked the ice a bit, with the help of milder temparatures. The "Towline" broke

her way out again and met the "Uncatena" about a mile and a half out beyond the jetties, and started to break a channel for the larger vessel. The going was a little slow for a mile but when just beyond the bell buoy the "Uncatena" passed the tug and walked straight in with no more trouble, the first time in since Tuesday.

About 3:30 p.m. Sunday the tanker "N.W. Gokey" came in with no trouble. The "Towline" had earlier broken the channel into the tanker pier from Brant Point channel. After that the two fishermen had no trouble getting out and on their way to the grounds.

The "Gokey", pumped out and left for the mainland during the night. Moderate weather continued and the ice slowly softened.

The scallop fleet are still tied up as of Tuesday, but the boys are hoping for a fresh breeze easterly to blow the ice out of Madaquet Harbor so they can get going again. Madaquet is full and the Sound, so it will need a good breeze to get the Sound cleared first or it will keep coming down through Madaquet. It will take a little more time to clear the harbor in town as that is frozen pretty solid and the ice is wedged in by the various points in the harbor. A good souwest wind and ebb tide will flow the ice out between Commercial Wharf and Brant Point as it has been broken by the "Towline," but it will take a lot more to clear out down to the Nantucket Shipyard.

One scallop boat, hauled up on the beach on the south side of Eel Point had a hole stove in her side, as the ice field pushed up onto the beach. Most of the fleet have lost near a month, out of the 5 month season, and no telling yet what, if any damage has been done to the scallops by the freeze.

Clams clog strainer on Islander causing 2-hour late arrival

Nantucket after encountering a mechanica last about 1.9 minutes, to occur at 1.47 difficulty on the trip across the Sound. The o'clock in the afternoon, and the sun will engines were overheating and the boat had be at a perfect angle for the observation. to literally crawl on its way to the island and did not dock at Steamboat Wharf until 3:48 p.m. It was due at 1:30.

After reaching Nantucket, the engineer opened the water in-take valve to check the strainers and he was the most surprised individual when he found the strainers were clogged with-of all things-clams! It would not have been unusual to find the strainers clogged with slush ice or debris, but clams—that was something that was totally unexpected.

Authority Chairman Alexander M. Craig Jr. said there was a possibility that in going into or leaving Vineyard Haven that the boat might have gone near a mound of clams and sucked them into the water intake valve. Feb. 4, 1970

"Big Day" for Nantucket March 7 Eclipse of sun will be total here

when an extraordinary event is to occur it would be safe to say the Saturday, March 7, is that date. On this day there will take place one of nature's most spectacular phenomenons—the total eclipse of the sun-and Nantucket will be the only place in the northern States where the observer may witness the complete event. It will be the last total eclipse of the sun visible in North America in the 20th century.

The moment for the total eclipse—the blotting out of the sun by the moon-will be at 1:47 in the afternoon. The path of totality actually begins in the Pacific Ocean, 2 degrees south of the equator in longitude 148 degrees 33 minutes west, and then move in a band 90 miles or so wide, slanting diagonally across the Pacific and on over Mexico and the Gulf of Mexico to Florida's northwestern portion, continuing on over part of Georgia and the Carolinas, thence out into the Atlantic at Norfolk, Virginia. The path then sweeps up to Nantucket, to proceed northeast to Nova Scotia and Newfoundland. Thus, on this Island the totality may be studied in its detail, and no other point in the nation north of Virginia will have this advantage.

As was the case in 1925, when the last total eclipse was observed on Nantucket, absence of man-made smog in the Island's ocean air makes Nantucket an ideal place for observation of one of the rarest and most exciting events of nature. In an article written by Dr. Charles H. Smiley, of Brown University, which appeared in the magazine Star and Telescope two years ago, the noted astronomer stated:

"Since the moon's inner shadow will narrowly miss heavily populated New Jersey, New York and New England, amateur and professional astronomers will probably crowd Nantucket. If the weather is good, the 'standing room only' sign may be up, for totality will not be visible from Martha's Vineyard or Cape Cod (except Monomoy Point.)'

It is expected that the airlines and Steamship Authority will make available an increased schedule so that people who do not expect to find over night accommodations may be able to come to The M.V. "Islander" was about tw Nantucket just for the event itself. The hours late yesterday in arriving a total phase of the eclipse on Nantucket will

If there is any day on the 1970 calendar The southeastern side of the Island will present the best of vantage points.

Last weekend, Paul A. Valleli, the representative for the northeast section of the Astronomical League, was on Nantucket, to confer with the Chamber of Commerce as to accommodations for lodging and eating, and transportation schedules, as well as observing sites for the many amateur astronomers who plan to

come to Nantucket.

Mr. Valleli stated: "Most of these astronomers are members of the Astronomical League, a non-profit, educational federation of Astronomical societies from throughout the United States. The ATM's of Boston is such a society. Many of the Leagues' 5000 members live in the Northeast. Some will want to perform scientific investigations, some will make measurements, and others will come with their families to view the awesome spectacle of the Sun blotted out by the Moon."

He went on to say: "I expect the great majority of observers will go to Boston or Hyannis and wait until Friday evening or Saturday morning before crossing to the island. Others, such as myself, will have to arrive earlier in order to set up more complicated instruments. Observers who are traveling light will probably prefer the speed of an airplane. Those who have telescopes or large cameras will obviously have to take the steamer."

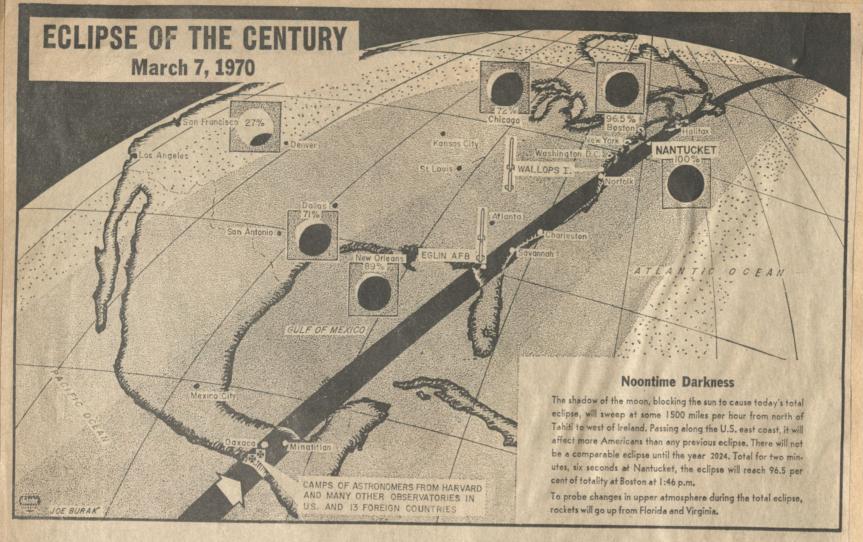
Margaret Harwood, former Director of the Maria Mitchell Observatory, who was so active during the 1925 eclipse on Nantucket, has announced her intention of being on hand with a group of astronomers from Cambridge.

The Maria Mitchell Observatory, with Miss Dorrit Hoffleit, the Director in charge, and the Loines Telescope structure on Winn's Hill, will be headquarters for the professional astronomers.

One aspect of the unusual occasion was summed up by Mr. Valleli: "The greatest obstacle to all of us at the present time, is our paradoxical New England weather. The success of our special mission, like a Sunday picnic, is predicated on good conditions. The stakes, however, I believe, are much greater. For this reason, we are keeping in close contact with Dr. Edward Brooks of Boston Colleges' Weston Observatory, a meteorological expert who is also an amateur astronomer.'



Extensive erosion at Cisco caused by winter storms.



Crowds begin jamming Nantucket

★ NANTUCKET Continued from Page 1

"Don't blame 'em for coming though. Saw an eclipse myself when I was 12 and I'm not likely to ever forget it."

The expected invasion of eclipse-watchers is severestraining the resources few hotels and reshat are open this

time of the year. Four lotels and 14 guest houses were booked solid last night and the Nantucket Chamber of Commerce was frantically phoning householders, begging for spare rooms.

The Congregational Church came to the rescue by offering its parish hall as a dormitory. And the Methodist Church announced a special eclipse breakfast this morning and a bean supper tonight.

Mrs. Susan King, motherly room-hunter at the Chamber of Commerce information center, worried that after the arrival of close to 200 more visitors on the motor vessel Uncatena last night some

youngsters might wind up sleeping outdoors. "And there's a law against that," she fretted.

But Nantucket's 13-man police force waived the sleeping-out law for this week-end anyway. "Anybody brave enough to sleep in a tent or sleeping bag in this weather is welcome to do it," said Sgt. William Burdick.

A spokesman for the Woods Hole, Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket Steamship Authority estimated about 1500 people would be arriving by the vessels Nantucket and Uncatena. Both ships, which make one daily round trip apiece from Woods Hole,

were jammed yesterday and will be again today.

Automobile berths were sold out both days and passenger tickets were being dispensed on a first-comefirst-serve basis.

To accommodate the eclipse crowd, the authority changed the Nantucket schedule for today. The Island ferry will leave Woods Hole at 8:30 a.m. instead of 10:15 a.m. and return at 4 p.m. instead of 2:15.

Even so authority orncials surmise that quite a few visitors may be stuck on the island until Monday.

Out at Nantucket's postcard-size airport, Manager Frederick H. Smith braced for a possible arrival of 3000 persons by air before eclipse time today.

"We could get as many as 500 priyate planes from all over the Atlantic seaboard," said 62-year-old Smith. "Hope they don't all try to land at once."

He said three airlines that serve the island — Executive, Mass. Air and

Cape and Islands — will be ferrying passengers in from Boston, New York and Cape Cod "as fast as they can load up." He predicted the three lines may fly as many as 50 round trips compared to the eight they normally make this time of year.

"On top of that we've got charter planes bringing in parties of scientists and other visitors from New York and elsewhere," he added. The airport stayed open all night to receive planes — it normally closes at 11 p.m. — and the control tower staff was beefed up. And as a precautionary measure the Coast Guard assigned a helicopter to patrol the airport while three boats took up station as rescue craft offshore.

While amateur astronomers readied their cameras and homemade pinhole viewers or exposed film, professional scientists assembled at the red brick Maria Mitchell observatory on Vestal street and the newer grey-shingled Loines Hill Observatory, on a wind-swept promontory at the outskirts of the town of Nantucket.

WARNING

A word to the wise (and not-so-wise) on today's solar eclipse:

Do not look at it directly under any circumstances. It will lead only to eye damage and even blindness.

Also, doctors urge parents to keep children indoors for the duration, since they might "sneak a peak" with the naked eye.

Doctors say the safest way to see the eclipse is to watch it on television.

The best times to view blackout in N.E. area

The following is the New England timetable for the total solar eclipse today:

All Times P.M. Eastern Standard Time Locations in Path of Totality—Massachusetts

Location	Phase begins	Totality begins	Totality	Partial Eclipse ends	Total
Monomoy Point	12:32	1:46	1:47	2:58	duration 49 secs
Nantucket	12:31	1:46	1:48	2:58	2 mins

Scrap Bork # 2 nautucket-1. "Mantucket Sanata" By other Prems.

2. Churches: "Old Marth" or 1sh Cangregational.

Spisoapal or 1sh Cangregational. 3. Schools 4 Railroad Main Sh dete Ingurer and murrar. Old and never hauter chet views - Shater frank Subaty Had Light bause Jared Coffin Hause vices ste moutucket wudmills mantucket Banks x currency Easy Sh- - hapaleau Helland main st. Maria Mitchell (phato) matther Starbuok milk St Montrocket Lanes and streets - Linckly Lane "Petticoat Raw" now Center street -

Contents Book #3 1- Grace Brown Fardun-obituary 2- Testimonial - SBG & appreciation of gig 3-"Owen Spooner ail painting sto See "Index"

MRS. ARTHUR E. PRATT
25 PEARL STREET
BRIDGEWATER
MASSACHUSETTS 02324



Mar. 7,1885

Mr. George H. Gardner, 2d., of this town, graduated from the Chicago Homœopathic Medical Institute on the 26th ult., of which institution J. S. Mitchell, M. D., formerly of Nantucket, is president. Mr. Gardner has been studying in Cincinnati, O., and Chicago, Ill., for the past two years, and we tender him our warmest congratulations upon the successful completion of the course.

Dr. George H. Gardner, who has for some time been practising medicine in Baltimore, Md., has come to Nantucket and will open an office in the "Lodge Building," in the rooms recently occupied by Dr. Alexander G. Coffin, dentist. Dr. Gardner is a former townsman—a real Nantucketer and is a graduate of the Chicago Homeopathic Medical College. We wish him success.

G. H. GARDNER, M. D.,

Graduate of Chicago Hommopathic Medical College OF CHICAGO, ILL.

OFFICE, - MAIN STREET,

NEXT WEST OF PACIFIC BANK.

Residence, Milk St., corner of Saratega.

Photograph.—Mr. George H. Gardner, of Boston, will be in town to-day, to make preparations for taking the big picture of the assembled Coffins, which, we are informed, will be sold by subscription. He will also be prepared during his stay to make large photographic views of private or public buildings, and announces his price list for the same in a card in our advertising columns. It is an excellent opportunity for those desiring large pictures of their homes. Aug 6-1881

1866

RECOVERING .- Dr. George H. Gardner, who has been suffering the past week from a severe attack of diphtheria, has so far recovered as to be about his office and expects to be out in a few days. The doctor undoubtedly contracted the disease from a patient who died with it, and upon perceiving the first symptoms that it had fastened upon him, promptly shut himself up in his office to avoid spreading the disease. He has been attended by Drs. Marsh and Pitman and has also received the attention of two eminent physicians visiting the island. At one time his recovery was considered doubtful, but skillful treatment supplemented by the best of care has brought him round all right. Great credit is due Mr. Ellenwood B. Coleman, who at a time when money could not procure an attendant volunteered his services and remained alone with him two days and nights until a trained nurse was secured from Boston. His office has been "quaranteened," the disease confined there and we believe effectually stamped out, and at the present time there is not, so far as we know, a case of diphtheria on the island. Our exemption from this epidemic is a matter for congratulation in view of the fact that it is raging with great severity in many of the cities and towns

George H. Gardner MD Was Uncle of Grace Brown Gardner He was drowned In Hummock Pond

May 10,1893

OBITUARY.

RALPH GARDNER, son of Arthur H. and Mary M. Gardner, was taken by the mysterious hand of death, on Monday evening last, and led from his suffering physical fate to a restful sphere. Death is not the enemy but the friend and certain heir of all mankind. No one can affirm that death is not a greater blessing than life, but in the common mold patriarch and child mingle together in silent rest. The stone rolled against the gates of the sepulchre tells us of the termination of a life in this world. Every white casket suggests a translated life. We may indulge no fears for the future of a young spirit that has fulfilled its mission, resting in the calm and still embrace of the shadowy angel. Every grave must have its grief. Every parting with the loved of Earth its pangs of sorrow. Grief and sorrow are not assnaged with words of pathos nor by the flow of tears. Ralph Gardner was a promising child. He was a bright scholar and a good boy. A bereaved family mourn his departure. His place in the household can never be filled. Time alone can lift the burden of the funeral hour, and until the lessening needs and duties of each day shall make his little grave a place of peaceful joy to those who mourn his absence. May the love which binds other hearts in pure affection, and consolations which bring hope to other lacerated lives afford such healing balm to the afflicted parents and bereft sister of little Ralph that the clouds of fate may be dispelled, and their loss counted as his gain.

I will believe that, though unseen and voiceless
Thy blessed presence is about me still;
That Thou over every step of mine rejoicest
That leads me onward to the heavenly hill.

My spirit-love! my seraph-guardian! ever Hover around my dark and lonely way; Though the thick veil of flesh and sonse may

My soul from Thine for many a weary day.

If Thou may'st never bend in brightness o'er me

me
While in its house of clay my spirit dwells,
Help me to tread the path that hes before me,
And reach the world where there are no farewells.

RALPH GARDNER, son of Arthur H. and Mary M. Gardner, was taken by the mysterious hand of death, on Monday evening last, and led from his suffering physical fate to a restful sphere. Death is not the enemy but the friend and certain heir of all mankind. No one can affirm that death is not a greater blessing than life, but in the common mold patriarch and child mingle together in silent rest. The stone rolled against the gates of the sepulchre tells us of the termination of a life in this world. Every white casket suggests a translated life. We may indulge no fears for the future of a young spirit that has fulfilled its mission, resting in the calm and still embrace of the shadowy angel. Every grave must have its grief. Every part. ing with the loved of Earth its pangs of sorrow. Grief and sorrow are not assnaged with words of pathos nor by the flow of tears. Ralph Gardner was a promising child. He was a bright scholar and a good boy. A bereaved family mourn his departure. His place in the household can never be filled. Time alone can lift the burden of the funeral hour, and until the lessening needs and duties of each day shall make his little grave a place of peaceful joy to those who mourn his absence. May the love which binds other hearts in pure affection, and consolations which bring hope to other lacerated lives afford such healing balm to the afflicted parents and bereft sister of little Ralph that the clouds of fate may be dispelled, and their loss counted as his gain.

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That Thou over every step of mine rejoicest
That leads me onward to the beavenly hill.

My spirit-love! my seraph-guardian! ever Hover around my dark and lonely way; Though the thick veil of flesh and sonse may

My soul from Thine for many a weary day.

If Thou may'st never bend in brightness o'er

me
While in its house of clay my spirit dwells,
Help me to tread the path that hes before me,
And reach the world where there are no farewells.

OME LOVE,

To ME.

This world would be dark without thee,

Thee,

The days would be dreary and long,

For thou hast the charm about thee,

To give me

sweet sunshine

and song.

Mr. George H. Gardner, 2d., of this town, graduated from the Chicago Homœopathic Medical Institute on the 26th ult., of which institution J. S. Mitchell, M. D., formerly of Nantucket, is president. Mr. Gardner has been studying in Cincinnati, O., and Chicago, Ill., for the past two years, and we tender him our warmest congratulations upon the successful completion of the course.

Mar. 7,1885

Dr. George H. Gardner, who has for some time been practising medicine in Baltimore, Md., has come to Nantucket and will open an office in the "Lodge Building," in the rooms recently occupied by Dr. Alexander G. Coffin, dentist. Dr. Gardner is a former townsman—a real Nantucketer and is a graduate of the Chicago Homeopathic Medical College. We wish him success.

G. H. GARDNER, M. D.,

Graduate of Chicago Homoopathic Medical College of Chicago, ILL.

OFFICE, - MAIN STREET,

NEXT WEST OF PACIFIC BANK.

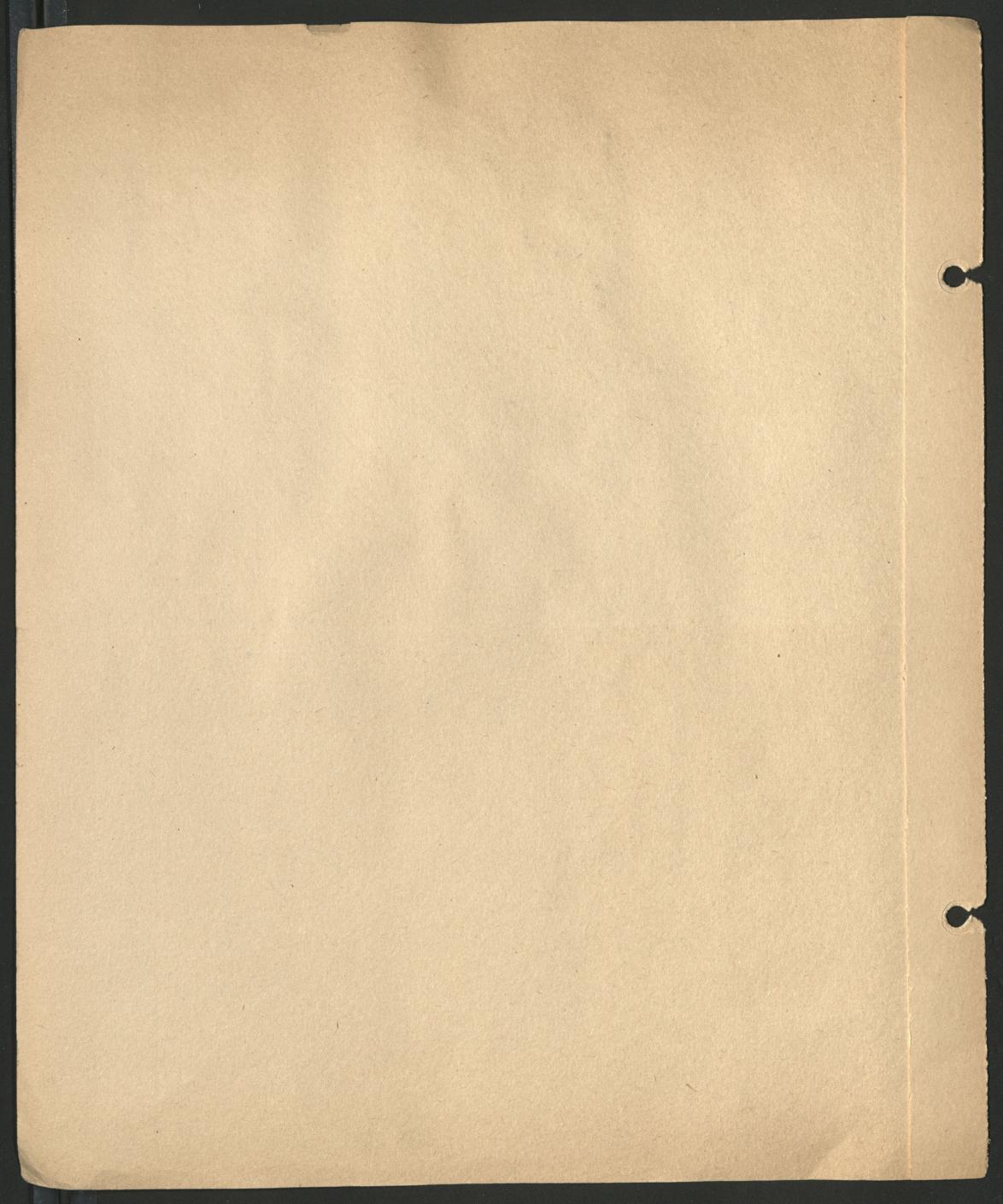
Residence, Milk St., corner of Saratega.

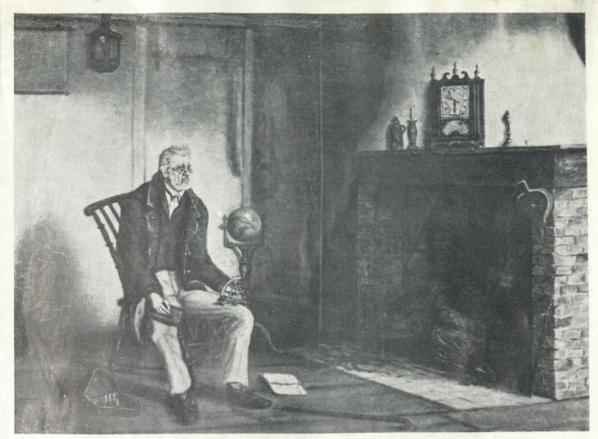
Photograph.—Mr. George H. Gardner, of Boston, will be in town to-day, to make preparations for taking the big picture of the assembled Coffins, which, we are informed, will be sold by subscription. He will also be prepared during his stay to make large photographic views of private or public buildings, and announces his price list for the same in a card in our advertising columns. It is an excellent opportunity for those desiring large pictures of their homes. Aug 6-1881

1866

RECOVERING .- Dr. George H. Gardner, who has been suffering the past week from a severe attack of diphtheria, has so far recovered as to be about his office and expects to be out in a few days. The doctor undoubtedly contracted the disease from a patient who died with it. and upon perceiving the first symptoms that it had fastened upon him, promptly shut himself up in his office to avoid spreading the disease. He has been attended by Drs. Marsh and Pitman and has also received the attention of two eminent physicians visiting the island. At one time his recovery was considered doubtful, but skillful treatment supplemented by the best of care has brought him round all right. Great credit is due Mr. Ellenwood B. Coleman, who at a time when money could not procure an attendant volunteered his services and remained alone with him two days and nights until a trained nurse was secured from Boston. His office has been "quarunteened," the disease confined there and we believe effectually stamped out, and at the present time there is not, so far as we know, a case of diphtheria on the island. Our exemption from this epidemic is a matter for congratulation in view of the fact that it is raging with great severity in many of the cities and towns

George H. Gardner MD was Uncle of Grace Brown Gardner He was drowned in Hummock Pond





Captain Owen Spooner — originator of the navigational method known as Sunset Longitude. (Painted by James Walter Folger, gift of Grace Brown Gardner).

A number of valuable acquisitions have been added to the museum's collections during the year. Miss Grace Brown Gardner, with her usual thoughtfulness, has made it possible for the association to obtain the portrait of her grandfather, Captain William B. Gardner, master of whaling and merchant vessels; the James Walter Folger painting of Captain Owen Spooner; the Chinese lacquered sewing box and spool holder owned by her grandmother, Mrs. Charlotte Coffin Gardner, who accompanied Captain Gardner on his voyages; several chairs of antique value; a collection of 156 books, including a number of volumes about Nantucket history, and some genealogical material, not the least of which is a partial diary kept by her father, Arthur Gardner, editor, author and historian, and town official.

Proprietors of Atheneum Held Annual Meeting

The annual meeting of the Proprietors of the Nantucket Atheneum was held Thursday evening, January 10, 1974. Mr. George W. Jones presided over the meeting in the absence of vice—president Henry B. Coleman.

At the beginning of the meeting a memorial was presented to the late president, Charles Gerald Snow, and also to Miss Grace Brown Gardner and Harold H. Kynett, both of whom had been loyal and generous members of the Atheneum. Miss Gardner had served as secretary for many years and Mr. Kynett had presented the Kynett Memorial wing to the Atheneum in memory of his late wife, Mrs. Starr Kynett.

The reports of the secretary and of the librarian were presented and approved, with appreciation, by Miss Florence Worth and Miss Barbara Andrews respectively.

The report of the nominating committee, of which J. Clinton Andrews was chairman, presented the names of Albert G. Brock and Mrs. Frances Elder as the new members of the Board of Trustees. They were unimously voted by the Proprietors present.

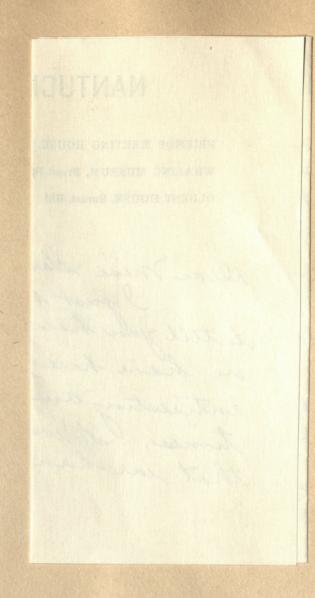
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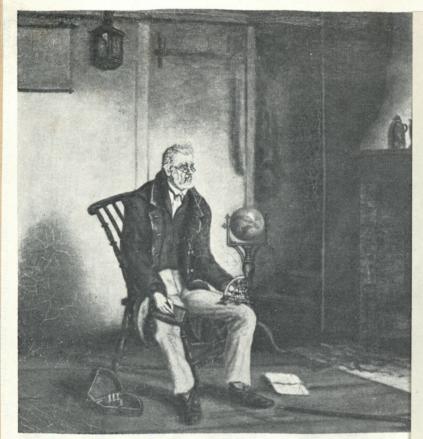
Atheneum met for their annual meeting, with Mr. Jones presiding.

The nominating committee presented the following officers for the ensuing year: Henry B. Coleman, president; Mrs. R.A.Orleans, secretary; Miss Marjorie Barrett, treasurer and Miss Florence Worth, secretary. The officers as presented by the committee were duly elected.

The present Board of Trustees of the Nantucket Atheneum consists of the following: Mrs. Robert D. Congdon, elected in 1971; Mrs. Allen Congdon, Rev. Bradford Johnson, George W. jones and Mrs. O. Tupancy, elected in 1972; Mrs. C. Clark Coffin, Mrs. Lewis S. Edgarton, Norman P. Giffin, Mrs. Paul Klingelfuss, and Mrs. Richard P. Swain, elected in 1973, Albert G. Brock and Mrs. Paul Elder, elected in 1974, with the officers: Henry B. Coleman, Mrs. R.A.Orleans, Miss Marjorie Barrett, and Miss Florence Worth.

The report of the librarian, Miss Barbara Andrews, will be presented in these columns next week.





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HISTORICAL MUSEUM, Fair Street FRIENDS MEETING HOUSE, Fair Street WHALING MUSEUM, Broad Street

OLDEST HOUSE, Sunset Hill



NANTUCKET HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION

OLD MILL, Mill Hill OLD JAIL, Vestal Street

1800 HOUSE, Mill Street

Alear Miss Sardner:

Just wanted to write you a short nate

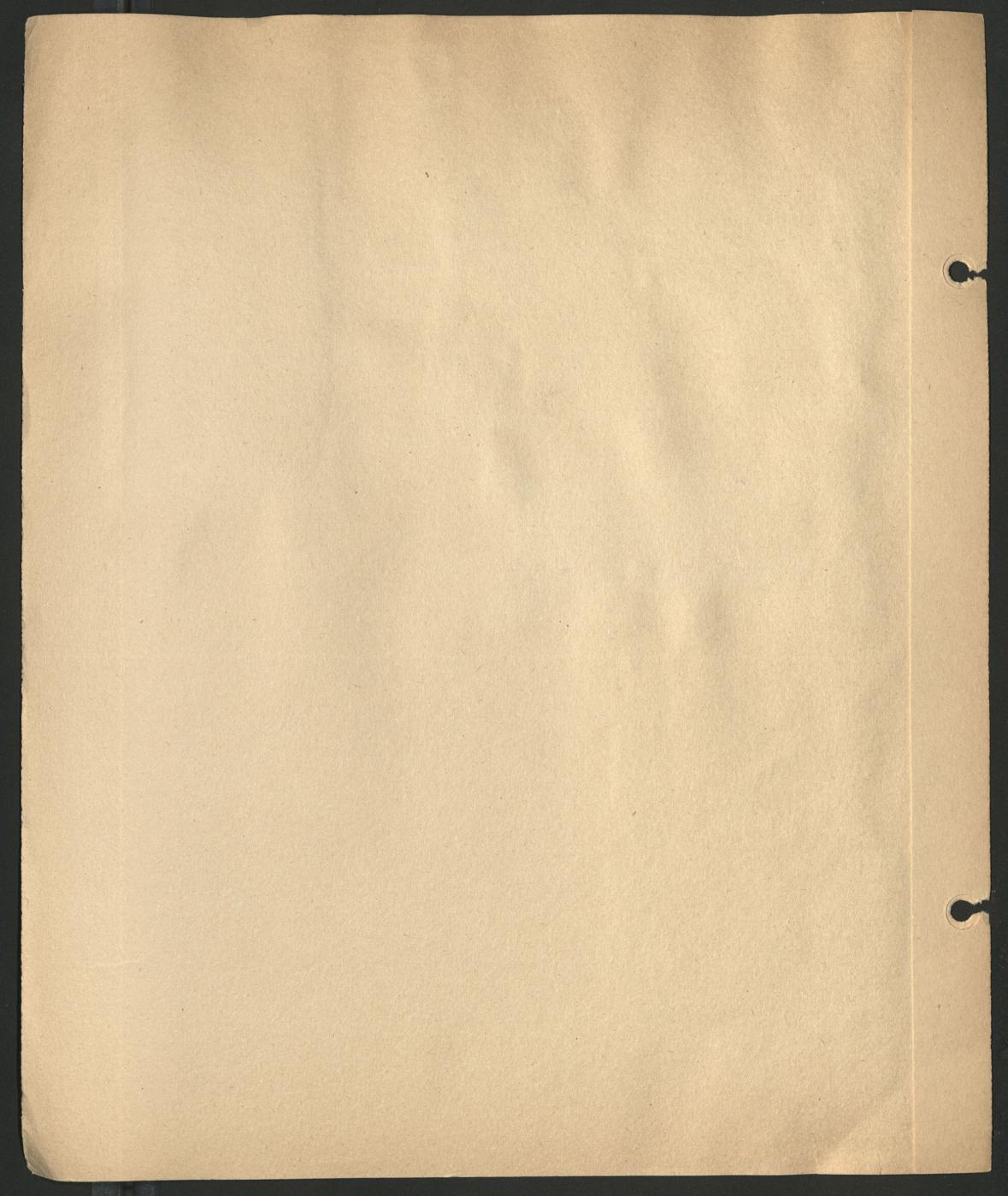
to tell you how much we refer to the decaphonks
we have here in the museum. They are so very
we have here in the museum a great help many
interesting and I find them a great help many
times. It was so very thoughtful of you to see

that we have the once on "wholing"

Linearly yours,

Louise R. Dussey

Librarian Wholing museum.



Me have received and acknowledged a check

from Abiah Jolger Franklin Chapter, given in memory of Miss Grace Brown Gardner.

Please accept our sincere sympathy in your

bereavement.

President, Nantucket Cottage Hospital

mis marjorie Barrett treas.

Saddened by her passing

To the Editor;

After saddened by the passing of Grace Brown Gardner, I was happy to read the comprehensive and well written piece about her appearing in the Inquirer and Mirror issue of December 27th.

She lived not only to a full age but she lived fully. She was totally interested in all the things of this world, and of the Island above all. Her mind was active; she gave her opinions well and reasoned and asked and listened to others.

I was interested in your account of her scrapbooks, they were indeed voluminous, and so beautifully arranged.

Some years ago, when I asked Gordon Turner where I might procure some background on a particular Nantucket subject, he said immediately, "See Grace Brown Gardner."

An unknown to her, she received me graciously, and made available to me the splendid editorial she had on the subject I ws interested in. I look back with fondness on the many visits my wife and I had with her at her 33 Milk Street home.

Nantucket has had many illustrious persons- and so many of them have been women.

Sincerely, Charles F.Smith

NOTICE

Annual Meeting of the Prospect Hill Cemetery Association will be held Wednesday, April 24th at 3 P.M. at the Unitarian Church.

> Edith T. Anderson Secretary-Treasurer

Gift of Books to the Atheneum also "Clippings"

et sougeven

in sersohooks, as



trom Abiah Folger Franklin Chapter,
memory of miss Grace Brown ga

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2000000000000000

THE NANTUCKET ATHENEUM
BARBARA P. ANDREWS, LIBRARIAN
NANTUCKET, MASSACHUSETTS 02554

June 1, 1973

Dear Miss Gardner:

With Miss Powell's help, Janice Williams and I selected some of your books for use at the Atheneum, and I want to tell you how much we appreciate having the books. The Trustees of the Atheneum thank you very much for the gift.

We have the file of clippings that you had made from the Nantucket newspapers. This is a very valuable source of information about Nantucketers and I am sure will be used a great deal. We'll mount them on paper, or put them in scrapbooks, as you did with the other clippings. We are very grateful for all the work you have done over the years to make the information accessible.

Sincerely yours,

Barbara P. andrews, Librarian



could be blocked off in summertime for cyclists - going both ways in and out of Town. This would be a burden to car owners who live on that street. The street entrances would be blocked off with a gate for cars, requiring each family and guest to have a key for entry.

Sincerely, Mrs. Anna L.B. Hall

Grace Brown Gardner bequests To the Editor:

Six years ago, in December, my cousin Grace Brown Gardner passed on. A very fitting obituary appeared in The Inquirer and Mirror.

She had generously donated the mounted and named collection of the native flora and fauna of Nantucket to the Maria Mitchell Library. Also a large collection of her scrap books of Nantucket Houses to (I believe) the Atheneum.

Prior to her passing a large collection of Nantucket books and

gutter would work out or a street many pieces of antique furniture were also donated. Now at the closing of her estate over \$23,000 was bequeathed to each of the following: The Nantucket Historical Association, The Atheneum, and the Nantucket Cottage Hospital.

It would seem appropriate to me that mention of these most generous gifts should be made known in your newspaper. Do you agree?

Sincerely, Gertrude A. Pratt

Death of Grace Brown Gardner, 93, retired teacher and Nantucket historian

Funeral services were held at two-thirty o'clock Wednesday afternoon at St. Paul's Chapel for Miss Grace Brown Gardner, beloved Nantucket historian, who died early last Saturday morning, December 22. The Reverend Herbert S. Stevens officiated at the service and at the graveside service in Prospect Hill Cemetery, where Miss Gardner was laid to rest in the family lot. Miss Gardner had been in failing health for a number of years and had been a patient at the Nantucket Cottage Hospital since April of 1969.

Miss Gardner was born in Nantucket on February 27, 1880, the daughter of Arthur H. Gardner and Mary Macy Brown Gardner. Both of her parents were ardent students of genealogy. Her father was a newspaperman, had been Tax Collector for Nantucket for nearly 20 years, and had served as Representative to the General Court of Nantucket for a period of seven years. When Mr. Gardner died, his wife took over as Tax Collector and, in 1924, achieved the distinction of having collected every penny of the taxes owed the town in her first term as the island's first woman Tax Collector. In addition to his other interests Arthur H. Gardner served as president of the Nantucket Historical Association and his wife as treasurer for many years.

It was no wonder then that in an atmosphere where every interest was in Nantucket - its history, its finances, and its politics. Her education was a broad one and her early schooling had an effect on her entire life. She received her elementary and secondary students and historians who

education in the Nantucket schools, attended the Charles Sumner School in Roslindale, Mass., during the years her father was in the Legislature. She graduated with the class of 1901 from Bridgewater Normal School. After a few years of teaching, she went to Cornell University where she obtained her Bachelor of Arts degree in botany in 1914. The following year she was awarded her Masters degree at Brown University.

She had throughout her life a deep interest in young people and instituted several courses to teach science to boys and girls in the elementary grades. Her first teaching practice was in the old Siaconset School while she was still a student at Bridgewater and she had to return home for a brief time because of an illness of her father. She assisted her father in the newspaper business at that time and there began her hobby which followed her throughout her life as long as she was physically able -- the collection of all the material she could obtain concerning Nantucket. Her scrapbooks, over which she spent thousands of hours, covered all subjects pertaining to the island of her birth -- houses, people, churches, stores, whaling, the various Nantucket organizations, lightships and lighthouses, the island steamers -- in fact, anything and Grace Brown Gardner grew up everything. It was back in these early years that she began these collections, spending long winter hours with scissors and paste, making the fabulous scrapbooks which have become a legend and provided invaluable research material for hundreds of

sought her assistance.

When she returned to the mainland, following her graduation from Bridgewater, Miss Gardner taught for thirteen years in New Bedford schools, afterwards going to Fall River where she taught for three years in the B. M. C. Durfee High School. In 1918 she went to Framingham Normal School as teacher in the science department. For the next twenty-three years she taught botany and related sciences to hundreds of students at Framingham. An eager interest in all plant and bird life which spurred her on to unique methods of teaching her students in the field as well in the classroom stimulated an enthusiasm among those students taking her courses that, in later years, brought many of them to Nantucket to visit her summer after summer.

In 1942 Grace Brown Gardner returned to Nantucket to make her home at the old family home at the corner of Milk Street and Quaker Road. She was proud of her home which was one of only four of the older houses that remained in the ownership of the direct descendants of the original builders. Her membership in the Nantucket Historical Association had been a natural one, following along in her parents' footsteps, and it was not surprising that she was immediately elected to the Council of the Association. She was appointed a Vice President in 1946 and held that office as long as her health permitted her -- in her own estimation -- to be of service to the Association. In 1970 she asked to be allowed to retire. At that time she was made an Honorary Vice President. Her advice and counsel over the years were of

Association.

and bird life. One of her major gifts to the Maria Mitchell was an herbarium which represented many months of careful and loving onstruction and planning to secure the the "just right" plants for inclusion. Here again her advice and interest helped to smooth out many problems for the younger instructors and directors in the Natural Science Department of this Association, of which she was recently made an Honorary Member.

She was a Proprietor of the Nantucket Atheneum and served as a Trustee, as well as acting as Secretary for many years. Among her other activities she took and active part in the Historical Association's annual "Gams," adding interesting anecdotes and stories from her vast background of island facts and legends. She also served for a while as a hostess at The 1800 House. She contributed to the columns of The Inquirer and Mirror in many ways over the years, but particularly she was noted for her series of biographies entitled "Fifty Famous Nantucketers". That series is now a collector's item.

She was a member of St. Paul's Church in Nantucket. She was extremely proud of her Nantucket background, which she traced back to the original Tristram Coffin. A quiet, friendly person, she never sought any attention for herself or any thanks or monetary compensation for the hours of work she spent assisting those who visited her seeking help. Even after she became a patient at the hospital she continued, as long as her eyesight permitted, to pore over her scrapbooks and diaries and enjoyed reading and re-reading her favorite books on islands history and legends.

The scrapbooks were given by tremendous help to all the Miss Gardner several years ago officers and staff of the to the Nantucket Historical Association. They are kept in the Miss Gardner also had a air-conditioned vault in the strong interest in the Maria Whaling Museum but they have Mitchell Association because of all been put on microfilm and her work in the field of botany are available at both the Historical Association and the Nantucket Atheneum.

Her only survivors are her cousins, Mrs. Arthur E. Pratt, of Bridgewater, Mass., and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hubbard, of St. Micahel's, Md.

In Nantucket, December 22, 1973, Miss Grace Brown Gardner, aged 93 years, 9 months, 27 days. Funeral services were held Wednesday afternoon, followed by interment in Prospect Hill Cemetery.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts Nantucket, ss PROBATE COURT

To all persons interested in the estate of Grace Brown Gardner aka Grace B. Gardner late of Nantucket in said County deceased.

A petition has been presented to said Court for probate of a certain instrument purporting to be the last will of said deceased by Pacific National Bank of Nantucket in the County of Nantucket praying that it be appointed executor thereof without giving a surety on its bond.

If you desire to object thereto you or your attorney should file a written appearance in said Court at Nantucket before nine o'clock in the forenoon on the fourteenth day of February 1974, the return day of this citation.

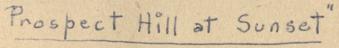
Witness, Jeremiah J. Sullivan, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this seventh day of January 1974.

Irene M. Smith, Register 1-10-3t

Addition to obituary

In our account of the death of Miss Grace Brown Gardner, printed in last week's edition of The Inquirer and Mirror, several survivors of Miss Gardner were inadvertently ommitted. In addition of Mrs. Arthur E. Pratt, of Bridgewater, Mass., and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hubbard, of St. Michael's Md.,

other cousins are Mrs. Joseph Kennedy (ALice Mary Brown), of Orlando, Fla.; Mrs. Mary Brown, of Natick, Mass., Gardner and Arthur Pratt and Ralph W. Porter, of Bridgewater, Mass.



Fingering the hallowed quiet hill With long bright shafts of light Lingering to twist with gold The rising mist of eventide The crimson son sets slowly hoath to leave this blessed hill Until God will to light His first fair star of night Beacon high, above the dankening sea!
This is God's acre-age not death's
This is eternally by star and son blest
Where His "travellers" rest.

By Eleanor Dixon Glidden



Autumn Sky over Prospect Hill

